PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION
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The
# American Friend

Old Series Vol. XLV No. 24 | NOVEMBER 24, 1938 | New Series Vol. XXVI No. 24

## We Thank Thee

Not for our lands, our wide-flung prairie wealth,
Our mighty rivers born of friendly spring.
Our inland seas, our mountains proud and high,
Forests and orchards richly blossoming;
Not for these, Lord, our deepest thanks are said
As, humbly glad, we hail this day serene;
Not for these most, dear Father of our lives,
But for the love that in all things is seen.

We thank Thee not for prestige born of war,
For dauntless navies built for battle stress;
Nor would we boast of armies massed for strife;
These all are vain, O Lord of kindliness.
What need have we of swords and bayonets,
Of mighty cannon belching poisoned flame!
O, woo us from the pagan love of these
Lest we again defile Thy sacred name.

We thank Thee, Lord, on this recurring day,
For liberty to worship as we will;
We thank Thee for the hero souls of old
Who dared wild seas their mission to fulfill.
O, gird our hearts with stalwart faith in good,
Give us new trust in Thy providing hand,
And may a spirit born of brotherhood
Inspire our hearts and bless our native land.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK
In "1000 Quotable Poems"

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

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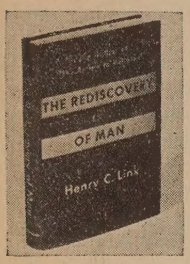
**Henry C. Link**

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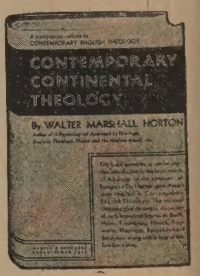


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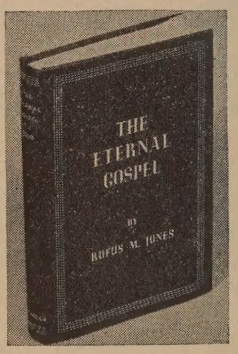


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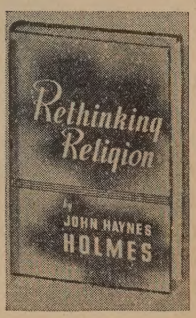


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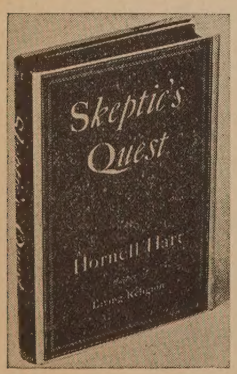


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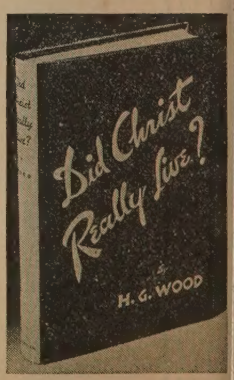
**H. G. Wood**

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# THE AMERICAN FRIEND

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# EDITORIAL

## How Best to Remember What We Read

SOME time ago we were talking about books with a friend who said rather apologetically: "I can't keep in mind much that I read—all that I really remember is what I put into my life and live." That offhand remark has stayed with us for months. What more telling remembrance could be suggested? Books may be read for pleasure and entertainment. Those of us with good memories may mentally file away choice passages for future quotation, or add effective statements to our verbal arsenals for discussion, or build up our repertoire of good stories. Numerous are the ways in which we may demonstrate a retentive mind. But to put the truth of good literature into our lives and make it live and grow and expand to others—that is creative reading of the highest order. That is the kind of memory we should all covet and cultivate.

With all the miracles of progress to divert us, nothing can adequately substitute for the reading of good books. Now as ever, a seriously reading people is a substantial people, not easily given to vagaries. Radio and public discussion may inform us, visual education may instruct and the moving picture may entertain and even stir us, but they cannot compensate for the lack of the companionship of great men and good thorough books written by them or about them.

Because of the growing competition which increasing diversions exert with books for our time and leisure, it is well that we place more and more emphasis upon the importance of forming good reading habits, and that we be increasingly diligent in bringing good literature to the attention of people. We were about to add, especially of young people, but we realize that adults stand equally "in the need of prayer" in this respect. It is highly important to be sure that children and youth be helpfully directed toward the appreciation of the best in literature. Youth is the period in which to lay right foundations for that intellectual outlook and sound culture which only discriminating reading can give. Enrichment of one's whole life begins then, and great is the responsibility of all who have the opportunity of guiding children's reading helpfully. At the same time we may well be reminded that this is after all an adult's world with adults in power and that they should be continually exposed to the educative process through good books.

With these things in mind, we devote a large part of this issue to books and literature. This emphasis is fitting to the approaching season when, in token of the Gift Perfect, we present gifts to friends and loved ones. Nothing can be more appropriate than the giving of attractive books wisely selected. Toward this end we are grateful, as we are sure our readers will be, for the contribution rendered by Wilma Reeve in her comprehensive article on this subject.

In this connection we welcome the Pendle Hill experiment as presented in this issue by Douglas V. Steere. As we are grateful when a friend whose judgment we trust introduces us to a new friend who may come to mean much to us, so we appreciate book introductions by friends whom we know as discerning readers. We shall anticipate the month by month selections with eager interest.

With all our reading may we "remember" by putting the best we find into life. Unwittingly, no doubt, our friend was but paraphrasing the exalted thought expressed by that noble medieval mystic, Meister Eckhart: "What a man takes in by contemplation he must pour out in love."

## Implications of the Wider Quaker Fellowship

AT ITS significant best, the Society of Friends is a Christian fellowship rather than a church denomination: a spiritual brotherhood rather than an ecclesiastical organization. As a "church," it has its proper disciplinary set-up and procedure; it has its organized work for the support of which it is responsible; it maintains cooperative relationships with other denominational groups. We are by no means minimizing these functions, all of which are important. Indeed, in our capacity as a church we should appreciate and fulfill these obligations better than we now do.

Our genius and distinction, however, lie elsewhere. It is not for these things that we are best known, whether favorably or otherwise. Quakerism is distinctively a spiritual fellowship in social action: a movement growing from inner experience into outward service—from light within to life without. Sometimes this conception of creative spiritual life is freshly expressed and forcibly demonstrated by those recently "convinced." Abundant evidence of this is given by the contribution made to this issue and last by Eleanor Slater, who speaks to our condition.

As Friends we profess no monopoly on these spirit-

ual ideals. They are upheld by other groups than ours—and by very many people within and without church bodies. The Society of Friends does appeal to many as unique in that it manifests a unified Christian life in which there is no division between religious experience and service, the latter becoming the natural expression of the former. Would that our exemplification of this ideal were more impressive! Nevertheless it is the discernment of this vital relationship that draws many to us.

Some who sense a spiritual kinship with Friends feel free to join with us as actual members. They thus become adherents both to a fellowship and to a denominational group. Others, while sensing the spiritual kinship, wish to retain their present church connections. It is to meet the aspirations of this latter group that the Wider Quaker Fellowship has been formed. Those who join in this fellowship become one with us in spirit which, after all, suggests the fundamental relationship. And who knows but what this points the way ultimately to Christian unity? When Kagawa was in this country two years ago he made much of the Christian brotherhood conception, after the manner of the early brotherhoods in the Catholic Church. He would extend the idea to the Christian Church as a whole, in which the various groups would maintain their identity on the basis of distinctive fellowship and service—brotherhoods in the one Church of Christ. In this conception denominational membership becomes less and less rigid and spiritual fellowship is ever enhanced.

Formation of the Fellowship has been urged on the ground that we owe this obligation to our spiritual kinsfolk; that we should share our experiences with those in sympathy with us. Whatever we may do in this way to help others is commendable. However, this Wider Quaker Fellowship is no one way traffic avenue. It is easily conceivable that we may receive more than we give through this relationship. Real sharing is a two way act, and many who have entered this Wider Fellowship have much to give us out of the richness of their experience. We need new voices to admonish us and to encourage. For what we may receive toward the enrichment of our spiritual ideals as well as for what we may give, we welcome all those who have come into this fellowship with us.

# The Lord's Prayer and the New Christianity

**By Eleanor Slater**

**(Continued from last issue)**

## II.

### *"Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread"*

WHEN Kagawa made his statement—"If you have plenty of food you can never understand the meaning of the Lord's Prayer"—he might have been thinking of the fact that the desire for goodness is a sort of incredible hunger that goads the heart and will not let it rest. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness," Christ had said, knowing full well what it meant to be hungry. Had he not fasted forty days and nights? Had he not taken upon himself the way of poverty, which must often have been the way of little food? Can men who have not felt that physical torment really comprehend the kind of craving after goodness Christ referred to as earning the special blessedness of being "filled"?

The reading of Kagawa's book, however, reveals that he was thinking how tragically stupid and unimaginative we are in comprehending and succoring the sufferings of others. A similar recognition caused Bernard Shaw to put into the Epilogue to "Saint Joan" this unforgettable cry: "Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination?" Evidently Kagawa thought no one who has not been really hungry can say with quite the same effective *plural* emphasis that simplest and most poignant petition in the Lord's Prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread."

I thought as a child that this was a strange request to put into the middle of that prayer. I do not need bread, I thought. Why should I ask for it day after day? As I grew older, it almost jarred a little. It pushed its blunt demand into the midst of the holiest things—the Kingdom of God, or the serious business of repentance. But then, one day, I tasted vicarious hunger, and the face of the world changed. Only then did I realize that men can find scant peace for seeking the Kingdom of God when their bodies cry out for food. Only then did I realize that my own worst sin had been to say that most poignant of all petitions in the singular instead of in the plural. Of course I had said *us* with my lips; but I had said *me* with my heart. I had to say the funeral service over a baby who had died of starvation before I awoke to the difference.

I have told the story before of how, with a desire to go deeper into human life, I went down for a summer into a desperately poor community in the southern mountains. I have told of the bleak sufferings of that town—once a prosperous coal-mining area, but left stranded, destitute, tragic, by the closing of the mines. I have told of sixty families living on no more than $20 a month, often on less; of babies who had nothing to eat but the toughest of beans and white flour gravy; of pellagra, scurvy, rickets, tuberculosis. But one thing I have not told in detail—it is hard to tell—of standing over a small grey coffin and trying to read something out of the Bible that could succor the hearts of the parents and friends of a two-year-old child who had died; and who had died, as far as the doctor could tell, of starvation. One must be careful not to be over-dramatic about these things. Some infection might have contributed toward the end, undiagnosed by the doctor, who was called in too late to help. But starvation was certainly the underlying cause—and this child was not the only one in that town so to die. That is in the United

States of America. Face that when you say the Lord's Prayer.

The child, I say, was in a little grey coffin. There was a touch of irony in that. The county, which begrudged this town what it cost to provide good drinking water, and which refused to vote the establishment of a county health unit, paid thirty dollars each for county funerals. How much do we care about the value of human life?

I stood over that little coffin in the crowded schoolhouse on a steaming summer day, turning the pages of my Bible to the places I had marked. All eyes were fixed on me—the red, wet eyes of women, the sharp eyes of thin-faced men, the wide eyes of children, already used to death. "The Lord is my Shepherd," I read, "I shall not want," and those eyes bored through me; those words struck into my heart with a sharp thrust. How could they grasp those words, these people? How could I read them—I who had so much, who did not want for anything? I had to go on, but how could I? I turned to the next passage with some relief: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Perhaps they could understand a heaven after death, a postponed fulfillment, a poignant but blessed release into something that was more truly *life*. Shutting the book, I prayed, and as I prayed, the women stopped their wailing and were still; the men were careful not to shuffle their heavy shoes; a hush fell over the crowded room. But as I prayed for spiritual things, I knew there was one prayer that had to come first, before these tragedies could cease. It was the petition I had passed over so quickly and slightingly—a petition God cannot answer without men's help: "Give us this day our daily bread." It seemed almost futile to ask for anything else in the poignant hush of that crowded schoolroom. I knew at last what was in Kagawa's mind. I had never before really said the Lord's Prayer. That day I entered into a new kind of Christianity. It is the only kind deserving of the name.

When I came back from that summer, it took some time for the leaven of that experience to do its full work; indeed, it is not finished yet. I must confess that my immediate feeling was partly of relief. The thing was done, and now I could rest; I could lay down the burden of suffering. But as September moved into October, I found myself thinking: I wonder if there is frost yet on the mountain? When the wind began to whine in the dried oak leaves, I could feel it coming through the cracks of rotten cabins. I thought of Sam and Jean in their little cotton shirts. These thoughts lay on my mind like a dark, dead agony, but I could not see anything to do. We had left the house open and furnished, but there was no one in it who could make it a Center. What would happen if Ben's osteomyelitis took a turn for the worse, or if Uncle Billy's heart went bad? Who would take the children hiking? They went wild and got into trouble if there was no one there to care. Who would see that the county went on paying for the water? These were strange questions to be pressing the mind of a northern college teacher, but they would not let me rest. But still I did not see what it was I had to do.

Perhaps I did not see because I did not want to see. What I needed was money—money to pay some one else to go down there and do these things that I would do if my work would let me. But there was one thing I had always said I would not and could not do, and that was to raise money. Well, I did it in the end. It was the Lord's Prayer that led me into doing it.

One Sunday in November I sat in the silence of the meeting for worship of a crowded Quarterly Meeting, fighting in my heart with this accumulated anguish of frustration and desire. On that morning, as often, I began my thoughts with the Lord's Prayer. But only one phrase, just then, seemed of very immediate significance: "Give us this day our daily bread." Ever since summer, it had been rather constantly, if vicariously, my text. Or rather, it colored all others. "Our debts" became those social trespasses by which some men gain wealth at the cost of other men's anguish. Our "temptation" seemed the temptation to live easily and complacently under a system that kills children of starvation in Tennessee, as it kills children with bombs in China. Evil was no vague, impersonal thing; it was the product of innumerable wrong choices made by living men, age after age, in the pursuit of their own selfish good. The *Father* himself, the Father who was in Heaven, stood now in the inner kingdom of men's hearts, saying: "If you love me, keep my commandments"; and those commandments had to do with dollars and cents, with a particularly homely and sacrificial kind of living that alone could atone for the sufferings that my age, my world, my country, and my people endured.

As I sat there, in a sort of mental travail, someone got up and spoke; soon another person got up; then a third. It seemed to me just then that the things these people said had nothing to do with the deeper stratum of life on which I moved—this level of human anguish and elemental pain. Finally I could stand it no longer. I stood up to speak. I do not remember exactly what I said, but it had to do with the vital, reciprocal relation between the Quaker way of worship and the Quaker way of service—how one could not truly serve unless one brought into that service the dimension of faith, and how one could not truly worship until one had tasted the depths of human pain and tried with one's whole soul to heal it. I tried to tell a little of what it meant to conduct the funeral services of a baby dying of starvation, how it brought unimaginable meanings into the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." I said, "'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' Let us learn to say these in the plural." Then I sat down. The room was very still.

After the meeting, men and women came up to speak to me. "What is thy name?" they asked. "Where was thee working? We want to hear more. We should like to help." Here was my chance. "But I can't ask for money," I kept saying over and over in my mind with a kind of stubborn terror. But the day wore on. Late in the afternoon I was again on my feet—this time by request. There, on my feet, I unfolded my dream. It suddenly lay in my mind, outlined with perfect clearness. After describing our summer, I told how I longed to go back at Christmas, my car piled high with clothes and toys, a nurse beside me, and money enough ahead to pay her until summer. "How it can be done," I said, "I do not know," (Indeed, I did not!) "but that is my dream."

I sat down. The meeting closed, and the miracle began. People came crowding down the aisles—up-state farmers, mostly, with little money—but they pressed what they had into my hands—occasionally even a twenty-dollar bill. I took what they offered with startled hands. It was not so much the amount as the unexpected, open-handed graciousness of the giving that moved me. One woman, unable to give money, ran home for a bag of seed. I was immeasurably touched. I was so happy I could shout and sing. But above all I was chastened and rebuked at how nearly I had let my obstinate pride stand in the way of this miracle of Christian charity.

That was only a beginning. My dream came true in almost every detail. But the dream has extended and expanded—it has me still working, straining and hoping, for another year and another, as plans alter and grow. Raising money is still the hardest thing I do. But I have learned certain things. I have learned that asking and giving can each be a sacrament. I have learned that prayer costs

beyond all expectations. It often makes a person do that very thing he has said he cannot do. But if one pays the price, answers come in strange and unexpected ways. I hope I shall never forget the anguish of that first prayer, or the wonder of that first answer, for they brought me very close to the meaning of the Kingdom of Heaven.

There is another way to pray for "daily bread." Or rather, there is another kind of bread that men must pray for, as well as for this bread of wheaten flour. There is the Bread of Wonder, the Bread of Beauty, the Bread of the Spirit. One must pray for that too. One must eat often and much of that sort of bread, if one is to have the strength to live a life of vicarious pain. The soul's need is as simple and elemental as the body's need. But in emphasizing the spiritual act, one dares not forget or repudiate this other vicarious sharing of the world's hunger. Christ so definitely meant it as a part of his thought when he taught his disciples how to pray. It must be today the core of the new Christianity.

"Our Father Who art in Heaven," the heart begins, and lo—heaven is in the heart, and the Father is in that heaven. "Hallowed be thy Name," it cries, startled and wonder-driven. But it may not rest there. It must go deeper down, into the mystery of the divine purpose. It must take that purpose upon itself. "Thy Kingdom come," it says, "thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." But this is too general. Purpose must become concrete. It must become homely and human. It must turn to action. "Give us this day," says the heart, "our daily bread." The concrete need beckons the heart to look behind the need to the sins that caused it. Vicarious pain becomes vicarious repentance: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil" . . . The heart draws nearer and nearer to the mystery of the Cross. Can it bear it—the infinite pain and pity? No, it can not bear it—not alone. But it does not have to bear it alone—another will share the load. "For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

94 Bellevue Drive, Rochester, New York.

# Of Books and Reading

## By Wilma Reeve

*A paper read at a session of Western Yearly Meeting at Plainfield, Indiana, last August. Wilma Reeve is on the staff of the Indianapolis Public Library.*

WHEN the late eminent scientist, Michael Pupin, stood as a newly arrived immigrant boy before scrutinizing officials, he declared that he had three friends in America. "What friends?" inquired the official. "Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and Harriet Beecher Stowe," he replied stoutly. This same boy had left behind in a Serbian village a mother who could neither read nor write but mother-like she wanted more for her son. "My boy," she said, "if you wish to go out into the world you must provide yourself with another pair of eyes; the eyes of reading and writing. There is so much wonderful knowledge and learning in the world which you cannot get unless you read and write. Knowledge is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven; knowledge is the light which illuminates our path through this life and leads to a future life of everlasting glory." (From Michael Pupin's autobiography, "From Immigrant to Inventor.")

John T. McCutcheon, Indiana journalist, instead of prosaically and ineffectively saying that great friendships may be enjoyed through books, said it most arrestingly by way of a cartoon: a city street, sidewalks crowded, people hanging out of windows, a receding parade led by the latest hero and the central figure a man rushing, coat tail flying, and delightedly announcing, "He spoke to me! He shook my hand!" And in the dim background of the cartoon were shelves of books, and Socrates and Shakespeare, and St. Francis, and Milton and Lincoln and Dickens silently reaching out hands.

### Books for Children's Wings

Little children joyously and unhesitantly accept the offers of friendship. They take the hand of Lucinda and follow the path through the woods while she tells them the tale of the immigrant child. They romp with Ferdinand, the little bull who loved to smell the flowers. Jo and Beth and the others are friends through life. David Copperfield's bravery and loyalty shed a friendly influence all along the way. And Robin Hood is a life-long hero. Children from six to ten meet a new friend in the person of a little Quaker boy called Benjie in Mabel Leigh Hunt's new book, "Benjie's Hat." Benjie lives with his very delightful and very Quakerly grandmother and he does have such tragic and such amusing times with his hats, including the one made from grandfather's old beaver.

The modern child reads and he makes friends and his life is enriched. At no time have there been so many good books, so many beautiful books for children. And at no time have they been so accessible. (All through this paper we are thinking of good books. The question of good and bad, poor and indifferent, lasting and ephemeral is another one, as the committees which select titles for the reading courses well know.)

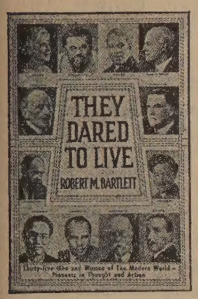
Parents without question and according to their means furnish their children with food and clothing and medical attention and a varying amount of recreation, including movies, but how many parents include their children's reading as a major responsibility? Just as we maintain that the spiritual is greater than the material, the mind higher than the body, we maintain that one of the greatest gifts a parent can give a child is not the love of books, but the opportunity to create for himself the love of books. With books for wings his spirit will know no bounds. The universe will be his playground and his workshop.

### Children in a Changing World

I believe the young parents and the parents of a generation hence will make better custodians of their children's reading than those of the past. Am I unjust in thinking that among the people of our age and older there has been a little Puritanical hang-over, or perhaps it is a hang-over from the period of Quietism in our own Quaker history—a notion that books were a luxury, reading a waste of time and something to be indulged in only after everything useful had been done? A child who loved to read despite the discouragements had often to sneak away to do it. For children of the present and still more of the future, a time for reading will be as happily encouraged and provided as a time for eating and sleeping and for work and play. No, movies and the radio will not suffice.

And may I suggest here in the changing world in which the child will spend his life, that under the new system of economics with the machine displacing man power, with

# CHRISTMAS GIFTS
## BOOKS *for* CHILDREN *and* YOUNG PEOPLE




### THEY DARED TO LIVE
**Robert M. Bartlett**

In this small volume there are thirty-five dramatic, inspiring sketches of great men and women from all over the world who have dared to live; men and women who have blazed new trails, conquered obstacles and whose faith has brought them to shining triumph in all fields of endeavor. The author is well qualified for his task—he is a constant world traveler and has made a hobby of interviewing leaders of thought in many countries.

**$1.25**

### THE FAR-DISTANT OXUS
**Katherine Hull and Pamella Whitlock**

This is a story about children written entirely by children aged fifteen and sixteen years and tells of their vacation adventures at a farmhouse on Exmoor. Arthur Ransome, the great English author, writes in the Preface: "This book, crammed with adventures and jokes as it is, is alive from beginning to end with looking and seeing and feeling."

**$2.00**

### THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN
**Collected by Anna Pettit Broomell**

Here is a book of tales wholly juvenile with the moral left unspoken, but with the ethical motive unmistakably what p a r e n t s and teachers wish to implant. Stories of adventure in the night with thieves and highwaymen, stories of Indians, stories from historical tradition, and stories of pure imagination, animal stories and fairy stories, fables and legends, all bound together with one idea—that of making the Christian, ideal life interesting, comprehensible, and desirable to children.

**$1.75**

### BETSY ROSS
**Helen Bates**

This story of Betsy Ross, the quaint Quaker lass of the eighteenth century, begins with the celebration of her tenth birthday. Shortly after this when traveling in Virginia, Betsy made her first acquaintance with George Washington. Events of great joy and of devastating sadness entered her life before she was called upon to make the emblem of liberty for which she became famous. The story moves quickly, holds interest, and the life depicted is typical of the period, and, as to major events and the illustrations by Robert Lawson, is historically correct.

**$1.00**

### THE CHILDREN'S STORY CARAVAN
**Collected by Anna Pettit Broomell**

"Like its predecessor, 'The Children's Story Garden,' this is a collection of stories that are full of adventure and imagination—just the sort children like to read. It will also appeal to those parents and teachers who are forever seeking well written stories that yet express definite ideals and principles of right living. The material for the present book has been drawn from a wide variety of sources — from Eastern folklore, from the lives of the saints and from historical incident."

**$2.00**

### THE LITTLEST ORPHAN
**and OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES**
**Margaret E. Sangster**

"Deftly, naturally, with compelling understatement and human wisdom, Margaret Sangster tells these Christmas stories and leads her living, breathing characters out of their nights into the keen cheerfulness of Christmas Day. Here is a book which will be loved and read again and again on recurring Christmas Days. Six stories with a blend of tenderness, humor and penetrating insight into the realities of human behavior."

**$1.50**

### LITTLE GIRL WITH SEVEN NAMES
**Mabel Leigh Hunt**

Because of a desire on the part of her parents to be considerate of all the loving relatives who might wish to share her name, Melissa-Louise-Amanda-Miranda-Cynthia-Jane-Farlow received a contribution from each one of them. Her joy over her name, her ultimate humility in regard to it, and her escape from the "lengthy" title are delightfully portrayed by the popular writer for children, Mabel Leigh Hunt.

**$1.50**

### SUSAN, BEWARE!
**Mabel Leigh Hunt**

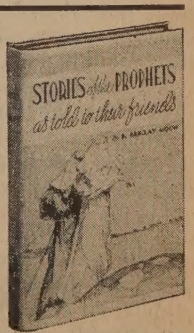
"Susan is usually in a scrape of some kind, not from any evil intent, but because at heart she is a tomboy. This story is full of laughter and understanding and is sure to appeal to any little girl who is just about to 'grow up,' for it reflects with truth, humor and charm all the sensations of this very special time."

**$1.75**

### STORIES OF THE PROPHETS
**R. Barclay Moon**

"With fidelity to the Scripture narrative, and with a liberal use of the prophet's own words, here are told fascinatingly and helpfully the stories of the life and work of eight prophets outstanding in Old Testament history — Elijah, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah, Jeremiah, Jonah, and the Prophet of the Exile."

**$1.25**




101 S. Eighth St. **FRIENDS BOOK AND SUPPLY HOUSE** Richmond, Indiana

the shorter working hours, it may be necessary for him to learn to "waste time." And paradoxically speaking he must learn to waste time wisely. Some place recently I picked up the thought that culture and the creative arts have been the product of well established communities and of a people of some leisure. Pioneers in a new country had to spend most of the twenty-four hours extracting from the soil the bare necessities for living. We are told that the frontier is gone. A great machine, some mind's creation, takes the place of the brawn of a hundred men. We are not disparaging manual labor, may there always be some and may each man have a share, but in a frontierless land and in a machine age it is inevitable that mind and imagination will have a growing claim. Children growing up in this changing world will have to fit in and help guide it. The child who observes and reads and learns is preparing himself for future citizenship as well as fortifying himself.

As for children's reading I think it will be understood, in the language of President Coolidge, that "I am for it."

### Social Meaning of the Book

As for the adult and his reading, I should like to say something very practical yet I suspect it will be by way of some theorizing. First, I should like to get over something of the social meaning of the book, the book's influence on human behavior, on the art of getting along together.

Books bring down to us the experience of earlier years and record the present. Says Amy Lowell:

> "For books are more than books, they are the life,
> The very heart and core of ages past,
> The reason why men lived, and worked, and died
> The very essence and quintessence of their lives."

Books mobilize the present-day thought and discoveries, and go out as free messengers carrying information, ideas and inspiration upon which other men may build. There are few subjects known to man that have not been touched upon in books. No matter what our interest, or what our problem, someone has had one comparable and has left something in print that will help solve ours. We have heard much of adult education in the last fifteen years. Psychologists have discarded the idea that learning is possible only in the formative years when the mind is plastic. Formal class room education stops but the learning process goes on. People of all ages and conditions flock to night classes after a day's work, enroll for correspondence courses, or set for themselves a course of study which they pursue through books.

Why such a zest for knowledge? Partly because the competition for jobs calls for constant improvement. Partly because of our desire to understand the fast-changing world. We are inclined to react a little fearfully at seeing the old transformed into the new, particularly into a new which we do not thoroughly understand.

Charles W. Ferguson, Associate Editor of *Reader's Digest* (and therefore a reliable diagnostician of the peoples' reading), says, "There is alive in the world today, for the first time in history, a sudden and extraordinary urge toward intelligence." Such a tendency seems highly significant for the future. An inquiring and thinking people is certainly democracy's greatest bulwark. A wide diffusion of sound political, social, and cultural ideas and the totalitarian state do not easily exist together.

### Books for Understanding Others

We are sickened by the social and international conflicts all about us but what can you or I, one mere individual, do about it? Some will do more; others less. But we can all seek to know and understand through books and reading. We are hostile to ideas we do not understand; we are hostile to strangers. We do not trust the Japanese. The Russians are erratic. The Germans are heartless fools. The Negro is "all right in his place." The labor leaders are self-seeking crooks. The Jews—we leave them to Hitler.

When I speak unqualifiedly of the "militaristic Japanese," I must include my friend, Yuri Watanabe. You must include the good people whom you have known. And you who were at the World Conference of Friends must include the Japanese Friend whom you saw shed bitter tears of regret and humility as he greeted his enemy, the Chinese Friend. Read a good book on Japan seen through Japanese eyes and the Japanese will not be entirely the "militaristic Japanese" or entirely the "Yellow Peril." Tolstoi was a Russian. Read "All Quiet on the Western Front," and the "heartless German soldier" is not entirely heartless. And read the expatriated Thomas Mann's "Coming Victory of Democracy" and be cheered that some non-Jewish Germans will risk life and citizenship for the right to speak for freedom and for the dignity of man.

Read "Porgy," or "Up from Slavery," or "What the Negro Thinks," or dozens of other good books and the indifference and hostility toward the Negro will fade. Western Yearly Meeting's own Marjorie Hill Allee has presented a Negro problem from a new angle in her book, "The Great Tradition," a college story for girls. Though scientific research in the University of Chicago laboratories is the chief interest, she creates a situation in which a middle western girl, a southerner and a Dutch girl, all students, live together in an apartment and have for their maid a colored girl, once dean in a small Negro college and now a fellow graduate student.

In the International House at some of our large universities students from all corners of the world live and eat and think together under one roof. If there were some sort of a giant arrangement by which we could all do so, and continue to do so wherever the search for a living takes us, how fine that would be! Since that is a dream may I suggest books and reading as the substitute.

Another Quaker author, Margaret Loring Thomas, has made real contributions to international understanding among children in her stories about South America. In her latest one, "Carlos: our Mexican Neighbor," the struggle between old and new, tradition and progress, ignorance and enlightment is skillfully presented for children from six to eleven. It should do much to dispel the prevailing idea that all Mexicans are "dirty" and that all Mexicans are "bandits." The child will feel a kinship with Carlos in work and play and realize that he is a neighbor indeed.

### Books That "Strike at Our Life"

The social and economic conflicts seem nearer at hand and all about us. There has been a whole avalanche of books on every phase and of various shades of thought. For a cross section of the life of the destitute and jobless, read Armstrong's "We Too are the People." These people are from the lumbering country of northern Michigan but hunger and joblessness are the same anywhere.

For a true picture of life among the Pennsylvania miners, read "I went to Pitt College," by Gilfillan. The author, freshly graduated from Smith in 1931, instead of making a survey of conditions from the outside, lived for months the life of a member of a miner's family. In this book she tells with simple and stark directness and with power, of the conditions she found and of the life she shared.

Margaret Bourke-White, world famous for her photography, and Erskine Caldwell, himself a southerner, have collaborated on "You Have Seen Their Faces." This book is largely pictures with some explanation usually in the words of the subjects themselves, a study of the worn, hopeless faces of the sharecroppers of the South. One

# CHRISTMAS GIFTS
## BOOKS *for* CHILDREN *and* YOUNG PEOPLE

### MANCHESTER BOYS
**Mitchell Bronk**

Most youngsters and a good many older people too, enjoy a wholesome story full of the pranks and adventures of real live boys as it furnishes a mirror of their own youthful activities. This book, "Manchester Boys," should fill all the requirements. Without making the line of moralizing too distinct, it depicts boy life in a country community in up-state New York in the eighteen-eighties. For those who have had difficulty in finding wholesome, interesting stories for boys, this will fill an empty niche on the bookshelf.

**$1.50**

### CHILDREN OF FOREIGN LANDS LIBRARY

Nothing could be better than these delightful stories to portray to children the life and customs of their neighbors in far lands. Printed in eight separate books on good durable paper, or in one book with a stiff back, they offer a solution for the problem of an acceptable gift for the young boy or girl.

**60 cents**

### THE LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL
**Marjorie Hill Allee**

The fabric of this story of international adventure is of sturdy material—Sarah Ann Reid, a seventeen-year-old Sophomore at an American college accepts an invitation to be "house-daughter" in the Quaker International Center in Paris. Her three-point program which sets for herself keeps her busy throughout the winter.

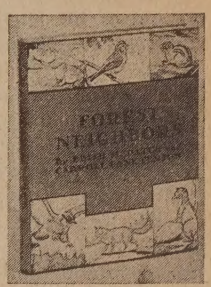
**$2.00**

### STORIES OF HYMNS WE LOVE
**Cecilia Margaret Rudin**

The origin, authorship and inspiration of the familiar hymns we love, are set forth in story form in this new book by Cecilia Margaret Rudin. The author is particularly well qualified to bring this information. Her treatise spans hymnody from Luther's time 400 years ago to the present day. The human story back of these hymns cannot but enhance the appreciation and inspiration of the reader. This book will make a strong appeal to people of all ages and in all walks of life.

**$1.00**

### FOREST NEIGHBORS
**Edith Patch and Dr. Carroll Fenton**




Come to the north woods with these two popular authors who have spent many months in the forest and you'll see deer, bears, loons, beavers and many other strange creatures. Well illustrated.

**$1.50**

### THE GREAT TRADITION
**Marjorie Hill Allee**

With the University of Chicago as a setting, this book tells the story of "Merritt Lane, a born zoologist, the youngest of a very modern group of girl students who have their own apartment which they manage cooperatively. All of them are working on the scientific side of the campus, as are also the men who play a part in the story. In spite of her youth, it is Merritt, with her clear head, and her enthusiasm and ambition, who is the central figure and to whom the others all turn naturally for a solution of their problems. Mrs. Allee presents her varied characters and the university background with complete reality. Girls will find this one of the best recent stories of college life."

**$2.00**

### BENJIE'S HAT
**Mabel Leigh Hunt**

An altogether delightful tale about a small boy in a thrifty family who had to wear hand-me-down hats — and what he did about it. He is a likeable little fellow and his adventures with his hats are truly exciting.

**$1.75**

### COLIN WRITES TO FRIENDS HOUSE
**Elfrida Vipont**

Colin Tarvin was to spend a whole year as a pupil of Miss Drusilla Timms, the childhood teacher of his father, for Colin's father was an engineer and would be in the Balkans. Enroute to the Balkans, Mr. Tarvin meets some delightful people who are Friends, and in writing to Colin he mentions that he must learn more of this sect. In relating the incident to two of his chums, Colin learns they are also Friends but they really know little about it. So Colin writes to Friends House and the story opens with a visit to the children by a representative of Friends House and their subsequent acquaintanceship with the Society of Friends.

**$1.25**

cannot look at this book and be indifferent to their plight.

Thomas Minehan, a young professor from the University of Minnesota, suspected that the juvenile tramp problem was one of the saddest products of the depression. He himself "took to the road" and for two years lived with these boy and girl tramps, in jungles, in box cars, and in missions, and in this book, "Boy and Girl Tramps in America," he tells why they left home, how they live and what they think.

"Sweden: The Middle Way," by Marquis Childs, is an exposition of the cooperative movement in Sweden where the problem of production, distribution and consumption has been more than usually well worked out.

In her book, "I knew Them in Prison," Mary Belle Harris, Superintendent of the Federal Industrial Institution for Women at Alderson, West Virginia, narrates her experiences of twenty years in various correctional institutions. And that title of course reminds us all of "Elizabeth Fry: Quaker Heroine," by Janet Payne Whitney, a most charmingly written book, a "must" for every Friends Library.

### On Social Aspects of Our Faith

To get a fairly complete understanding of the social aspect of our own faith, and for a review of our own efforts to translate into life the social teachings of Jesus as we interpret them, I would recommend, first: "The Social Aspect of the Quaker Faith," by Edward Grubb. This is an English publication of 1899 but it is basic. Although "Quakers in Action," by Lester M. Jones is limited to the World War period, I mention it because it is by a non-Friend, a professor at DePauw University. This covers about the same period as "A Service of Love in War Time," which you all know already. And last I would recommend Mary Hoxie Jones' "Swords Into Ploughshares," which covers the work of the American Friends Service Committee from 1917 to 1937. This last is partly fictionized, very readable, and she captures to a remarkable degree the spirit behind the service.

Novelists have not been willing to leave the subject entirely to sociologists but they too have had their say and have reached a rather wide audience. If our captains of industry would read some of the very unpleasant and very unacceptable proletarian novels of the last few years they might get a new light on one of the knottiest of social problems. I know of but one recent novel which states the case of the older workers and the employers, "The Sound of Running Feet," by Josephine Lawrence. We need more on that side too.

### Books Stimulate Us to Action

We mentioned above that reading fortifies the individual—against hard knocks, pettiness, loneliness, ignorance and all sorts of real and imagined catastrophies, but reading also stimulates us to action. Dr. Pierce Butler says, "The knowledge or inspiration that comes from reading has no social significance unless it is acquired by such persons as can inject it into the vital stream of communal life." Which is another way of saying, I think, that the information, the joy, the inspiration which we receive through reading must not stagnate within us but sooner or later in some intangible way, and all unconsciously perhaps, it must contribute to the vitality and the worthwhileness of society at large, or in a lesser way to community life. We give out only as we take in and the potential spiritual domain of our inner selves is a boundless one.

Rufus Jones, in his recent book, "The Eternal Gospel," says that having conquered the outward world and immensely improved the means of life we must next knock at the doors which lie within and explore the labyrinthine ways of our own selves. This business, he says, may prove to be more adventurous than climbing Mt. Everest; it may prove to be more fruitful in life-returns than all the expeditions to the stratosphere. If we are to contribute any spiritual exports to the world we must begin, he says, by increasing our imports. But just as there is no quick recipe for "winning friends" or "influencing people" or acquiring for ourselves success and contentment, so there is no rapid way to achieve the poise of spirit, the richness of mind and the surplus to give. We do get such things by submitting our minds to the best in the past and present—and the concentrated best is in books.

### What—No Time to Read?

We suggest above that in this changing world, leisure is to have a greater part, yet we continue to say, and to hear on every hand, "I just haven't time to read!" A few weeks ago one of the most energetic young Friends I know, a member of this Yearly Meeting, came into the library. She glanced longingly at some books on display and said wishfully, "I want to read that, and that, and that." Trying to be pleasant and consoling, I remarked that with all her busyness she probably didn't have much time for reading. She came back quickly with, "But you do find time for the things you really want to do!"

### Reading Actively, Not Passively

We hinted above that not all books are good books. We shall not go into what constitutes a good book but it is my contention that a book may be good even if we do not agree with every statement in it. When I plead that we read actively, not passively, I mean with mind alert, ready to challenge, ready to answer back, but also ready to be shown.

A teacher in Louisiana was hearing a class reading a lesson on birds. To drive home a point she asked a boy, "When do the robins come?" "In the fall," was the prompt reply. "Jimmie, read the lesson carefully again." After he had droned out the text a second time she said cheerily: "Now Jimmie, when do the robins come?" More hesitantly and sullenly he answered again, "The robins come in the fall." "James, James," shouted the teacher, "read that lesson again. Now tell me, when do the robins come?" In tears the boy finally answered, "The robins come in the spring." And so they do in Boston where the text was written, but not in Louisiana as the boy well knew.

We need not accept a statement because it is in print, or because someone else thinks it is true, or because it is true in another part of the world. If we read actively, that statement may stimulate us to a fresh seeking of the truth, or it may reinforce us in our own original ideas, and we must thank the author for making us think, even though we may disagree. We sometimes need to know what other people think, distasteful as it may be to us.

And now for some way to link up my enthusiasm for the gospel of the book with my enthusiasm for the fundamental principles upon which the Society of Friends was founded:

Peace and the Brotherhood of Man: I have suggested that the understanding of peoples and situations which we can acquire through books subdues the hostile attitudes and makes us feel our fundamental kinship with every man.

Social Responsibility: I have tried to show that through books we are acquainted with social and spiritual needs and through books we are stimulated to action.

The Inner Light with its corollaries of democracy, education and respect for human personality: I have pointed out that by acquainting ourselves with the living thoughts that have moved the world through the ages, we fan that spark of light with which we were endowed so that it becomes not only an illumination but a dynamic source of power within us.

# Open Letters on Books

By Douglas V. Steere

AS I think of how I first came to learn about the books that have been of personal profit, delight and strength to me, I am sure that I have received more help from the letters and conversations of certain intimate friends than I have from a wide reading of book reviews. I listen intently when a friend whom I know intimately and who has a taste for the authentic in writing says: "Be sure to read John Baillee's new 'Diary of Private Prayer.' I have never found any prayers that equal these in sustained religious insight. The language, too, is not archaic, it is our language." Or, "Have you managed to get hold of William Sullivan's 'Epigrams and Portraits in Miniature.'" It was published a year after his death by the University of Pennsylvania Press. I know you would never look at it from the title, but in it you will find a treasury of insights that read like Pascal speaking to our immediate needs or like Nietzsche if he had come into the company of the disciples." Or, who says over the tea table: "Perhaps this will sound like ancient history to you, but have you ever read Shorthouse's 'John Inglesant?' Yes, it was written in 1880 and the binding will be fading a little now, but I believe it is one of the few really great historical novels of the last century which do justice to the religious life. The accurate description of Little Giddings in seventeenth century England will make your imagination still keener for this idea we have had in Pendle Hill of a Quaker center where we could have a real laboratory of the Holy Spirit."

This kind of commendation seems to make me impatient to get to the library or get an order off to the bookseller, for there is something peculiarly warming about the prospect of a really good book.

Reviews of books are intended to perform this service but often enough they do not. If the reviewer had a deep common interest with you and if in this bond he would only write as he does in a letter to an intimate friend, write freely to you of the significant books he has read, you would listen with a new eagerness.

A little group of Friends have been gathered by the Pendle Hill Extension Committee to participate in just such a free and honest adventure. It will be a family affair. They are going to share their enthusiasms and nothing more. They propose to meet at Pendle Hill once a month for the next nine months and to agree each month upon some book that has given personal profit, delight and strength to themselves and has whetted in them that promptitude, fervor, affection and agility in the service of God and their fellows which is the mark of genuine devotion. One of their number will try by a brief sketch to make this enthusiasm contagious and it will be issued as the Monthly Book Selection of Pendle Hill. The committee has provided for its own interment. At the end of the nine months the committee will be automatically dissolved and will not expect to convene unless there is found to be a general desire for these "open book letters" to continue.

There will be no tyranny of the *new* about this selection. "How many weeks has it been out?" will not be a consideration. Normally the books will be recent books, but they need not be. They will not be necessarily "Quaker" books or conventionally religious books. The test of their eligibility for selection will be their power to nurture and transmit the kind of quickening spoken of above. Novels, biography, and poetry are distinctly eligible. The Monthly Book Selection of Pendle Hill will be given to the Friends papers and mailed to the wide group of friends of Pendle Hill. The members of the group who will make the selection are: Janet Payne Whitney, Anna Petit Broomell, D. Elton Trueblood, Anna Cox Brinton, Dorothy G. Harris, and Douglas V. Steere. Their first selection—for November—is "The Spiritual Life," by Evelyn Underhill, which is presented as follows by Janet Payne Whitney.

## THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

By EVELYN UNDERHILL

*Harper and Bros., New York,* $1.25

There is a temptation to regard any concentration on the spiritual life as an unwise detachment from the urgency of surrounding distress. We must be "practical." It is necessary to get to work along concrete, material lines. It is no use offering beautiful thoughts to people who are exiled and jobless and starving to death. Gandhi himself, a modern expert in meditation, has given voice to the opinion that "to the hungry, God comes as work and bread."

Yet the Pendle Hill Book Committee recommends this book of Evelyn Underhill's, and does not offer it as an escape mechanism from a too painful present, but rather as a practical contribution to the solution of problems which appear insoluble. Because it is really true that "without vision the people perish."

Take to-day's newspaper as an example. There were two parallel columns, in one an account of fresh deportations in Central Europe of thousands of Jews, under particularly cruel circumstances, and in the other an account of the attempted suicide of an American college girl because, at the age of nineteen, she had not enough "dates" with boys and was "tired of being patient." What a frightful spiritual vacuum is revealed by the contrast! And for one person whose small and selfish problems lead him to the point of suicide, there are hundreds of thousands, lacking none of the so-called necessities of life, who are living maimed, purblind lives around a narrow centre, unhappy and dissatisfied, depending for their pleasure upon artificial stimulus, and drying up in heart.

The poor exiles, harried and driven, without destination or resource, think that if only they had food and clothing, education, opportunity and moderate security, such as once they had, they would be happy. They would even be able to be grateful to God and useful to their fellow men. But it does not follow. Our own prosperous civilization gives a different answer. The poor little suicide had all those things, and found them worthless. Fed or hungry, man does not live by bread alone.

Evelyn Underhill speaks of the need to have "meaning and coherence come into our scattered lives." She is talking of people like ourselves, busy, responsible and well-meaning, as well as of the worldly and the frivolous, when she says: "We mostly spend those lives conjugating three verbs; to want, to have, and to do . . . forgetting that none of those verbs have any ultimate significance, except as they are transcended by . . . the fundamental verb to be."

Is this then another sop to indolence and to our natural fear of tackling great tasks? The state of the world being obviously beyond our strength to alter, can we sit comfortably down in a sheltered corner and set to work to be? No, says Evelyn Underhill, "I mean an acceptance and living out of the actual, in its homeliest details and its utmost demands, in the light of the eternal; and," she dares to add—(will this do also for the refugees?)—"with that peculiar sense of ultimate security which only a hold on the eternal brings."

This is another way of repeating the extraordinary conviction of Paul in the midst of the cruelty and terror of the decadent Roman Empire: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor principalities nor powers nor any other creature is able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"When that which is unchanging in us

is given its chance," says Evelyn Underhill, "then, though much suffering may . . . remain, apprehension, confusion, instability, despair, will cease."

This kind of religion would greatly reduce the suicide rate, and put many psychiatrists out of practice. Tranquility, gentleness, strength, are Evelyn Underhill's acid test of the quality of the spiritual life. Such people "know how to take up and turn to the purposes of the Spirit the whole of life as it comes to them from God's hand."

Ah, says the objector, but what if it doesn't come from God's hand? Are we to accept the actions of wicked men or an immoral and heartless social system as being from God? That is where resignation falls down. Is not this the sort of religious theory which Russia has condemned as an anodyne of the people? And yet we are all caught at times in circumstances (of illness or misfortune or unkindness) which we cannot immediately change. They are not "right" but they are there, and we must deal with them as they are. To grumble and complain, or to give up helplessly to suffering, will not alter things, it will only give added fret to our jaded spirits. Tranquility, gentleness, strength must be better tools for dealing with any difficulty than would anger, resentment, bitterness, and despair. The Christians of the first two centuries in the midst of their bitter persecution made friends and converts because they were "serena et hilaris." What secret made them happy when they were so badly treated, asked their neighbors and persecutors. That must be a secret worth having. And it still remains so.

"Christian spirituality," says Evelyn Underhill, "does not explain evil and suffering . . . but does show us how to deal with them."

JANET WHITNEY.

## PENN—A BIOGRAPHY

BY ELIZABETH JANET GRAY

*The Viking Press, New York*

280 pp. $2.50

What, another biography of William Penn, we exclaimed inwardly, when this volume came to our desk. Surely his life has been rather adequately covered in the succession of biographies which have come from the press within recent years—so why this?

Opening the book, we began reading rather casually—but from the first pages any attitude of casualness disappeared. There is always a place for another biography such as this. Elizabeth Janet Gray's "Penn" demonstrates that the justification of "another" need not rest upon the discovery of new source material or upon a differing appraisal of the subject interpreted. The elusive ability to take a historical figure, already fairly well known, and make him move across the pages before us so that we see and *feel* him as rarely before, bears its own justification.

This is an authentic biography—in background as well as in story. Without perhaps being quite as ambitious in scope

ELIZABETH JANET GRAY

and purpose, we feel that it has presented the life and times of William Penn after the manner in which Janet Payne Whitney wrote of Elizabeth Fry. In the latter instance a book written primarily for adults has a strong appeal for younger readers. In the case in hand, a book written primarily for young people, appeals as strongly to their elders. Good writing that, in either case. Incidentally, and not so incidentally either, the drawings of George Whitney add much to the charm of this biography as they did to that of Elizabeth Fry.

While authentic, this delightful portrayal is not weighted with detail. The author has the fortunate facility of filling in the story by apt allusion without unnecessary recital. She thus keeps to the main stream of the narrative. The result is an intimate, appealing story which is not discursive.

Proportion and balance are admirable. Ever in the forefront will be found Penn's loyalty to conviction, his indomitable courage, his paramount contribution to the cause of religious and civil liberty, the nobility of his "Holy Experiment" in Pennsylvania. Other things easily assume their relative position.

All of which means that the writer commands a style that is vivid and sweeping. Words as used by her almost cease to be descriptive and become the thing described. This tang of late autumn in England, for example:

"There in the deep country quiet he went on with his writing. The air was fresh and cold and smelled of damp leaves and wood-smoke; there were only the occasional country noises, rooks cawing in the leafless woods, the frosty sound of wood-chopping, the neighing of a horse, the creak of wagon wheels in deep-rutted lanes. And indoors all was warmth and comfort, firelight gleaming on polished silver and old oak, a desk to write where no one interrupted, and pleasant talk about the dinner table."

Elizabeth Janet Gray (Vining), a Friend, received her education at Germantown Friends School and at Bryn Mawr. She is the author of a half dozen other books for young people and admits that she writes because she can't help it. We hope she can't help writing more Quaker biographies after the manner of "Penn."

W. C. W.

## CRUM ELBOW FOLKS

BY P. R. BARNES

*J. B. Lippincott Co.*, $2.00.

Crum Elbow! When in 1609 Henry Hudson sailed up the river which was to bear his name and gave to a certain picturesque bend in that river the name *Krum Elbooge*, or Crooked Elbow, little did he know what various activities that name was destined to compass. In contrast to its recent notoriety in connection with Father Divine and his "angels," we now find it applied to a group of gentler, humbler folk—a Quaker settlement.

It is of the homely, thrifty life as it was lived some hundred years ago in this community of Friends near what is now Hyde Park that Mr. Barnes writes so charmingly in "Crum Elbow Folks." The story, more specifically, deals with the struggles of pretty Huldah Sheldon to choose between two suitors—the one, a gay, reckless member of the Meeting; the other, devoted and reliable but "of the World." Her choice is further complicated by the demands of her dying mother and by the ill-will of a designing aunt. But she is aided and abetted in her final decision by kind, neighborly Aunt Tish, who, together with her husband, jocose Uncle Jonathan, becomes one of the most real and lovable characters in the book.

One feels that the action of the plot is not always well motivated and borders at times on a melodrama hardly in keeping with thoughtful and considered Friendly dealings. But to us the story is not the chief charm of the book. It serves as a rather uneven thread on which are strung vivid, intimate gems of description—pictures of the fruitful farmland, of homely household tasks, and especially of the natural beauty of the countryside in the changing seasons.

These qualities reflect the author's ac-

# GIVE QUAKER BOOKS

## CHILDREN OF LIGHT

**Edited by Howard H. Brinton**

This book, edited by Howard H. Brinton, Director of Pendle Hill, honoring Rufus M. Jones on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday is one which you will want for your library. It is an account of the history, thought and achievements of Friends here and abroad. The various chapters are written by prominent writers of contemporary Quaker thought and include among other chapters—William Penn's "Christian Quaker," by Herbert G. Wood; "William Penn, Constitution Maker," by Francis R. Taylor; "The Mennonites and the Quaker's of Holland," by William I. Hull; "Joseph Hewes, the Quaker Signer," by Charles Francis Jenkins; "Quakerism and Home Life: An Eighteenth Century Study," by Isabel Grubb; "The Quaker Contribution to the Old Northwest," by Harlow Lindley; "Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. (1786-1845); A Footnote to "Elizabeth Fry: Quaker Heroine," by Janet Payne Whitney; "Timothy Nicholson, Candle of the Lord," by Walter C. Woodward.

**$3.50**

## ELIZABETH FRY

**Janet Payne Whitney**

Elizabeth Fry, a biography of whom has not appeared in the last twenty years, lives again in this delightful book by Janet Payne Whitney, herself a Quaker. From newly discovered material, from Elizabeth's journals and the diaries of her sisters, Mrs. Whitney has drawn an unforgettable picture of the nineteenth century Quakeress and the life of her time. This book appeals to varying ages as the style is simple, flexible and colorful. The eight full-page illustrations and the decorative chapter headings contributed by her husband, an instructor at Westtown School, give life and interest to the book.

**$3.50**

## LUCRETIA MOTT

**Lloyd C. M. Hare**

Lucretia Mott, the story of whose life is colorfully and delightfully told by Lloyd C. M. Hare, has been called "the greatest American woman." In a day when women were "to be seen and not heard" she took her stand on the burning social problems of the day—particularly slavery. Despite the fact that she went where few women dared to go and did what few women dared to do, she made a delightful home for her husband and family of six children. The sincerity of purpose, enlightened liberalism and sanity which she showed helped to blaze the trail for the participation by women in public affairs—a right which is taken pretty much for granted today.

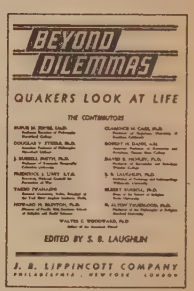
**$3.00**

## BEYOND DILEMMAS

**Edited by S. B. Laughlin**

"Beyond Dilemmas," edited by S. B. Laughlin, Ph.D., Professor of Sociology and Anthropology, Willamette University, is composed of thirteen chapters, each written by a man prominent in Quakerism and in his own field of endeavor. In his Preface, Dr. Laughlin states: "This entire book it is hoped, will attain the unity, completeness, and sense of fitness, that is sometimes attained in a Friends Meeting for worship when a number of Friends present different aspects of truth that give a feeling of harmony, without duplication or contradiction—the final result being the stimulation of the thought that leads to action and a higher plane of living—the prophetic note at its best."

**$2.00**




## PENN

**Elizabeth Janet Gray**

At twenty, William Penn seemed destined for a brilliant military or diplomatic career. But one day he attended a meeting of the Friends—called Quakers—and became a follower of this persecuted, peaceful, and "unfashionable" religion. Ignoring his father's threats of disinheritance, heedless of the inevitable loss of his social position, Penn became a devoted leader of the Friends. Penn's life emerges from Miss Gray's narrative with the clear, concise strokes of an etching. It is an inspiring story, dramatically rendered against the background of the stormy seventeenth century. He was a great and good man, whose fight for right and freedom is all the more significant in this day when the very principles for which he fought are being threatened.

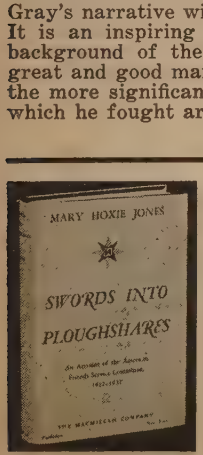
**$2.50**

## CRUM ELBOW FOLKS

**P. R. Barnes**

This is a sectional novel of life about a hundred years ago in a small Quaker community called Crum Elbow, near what is now Hyde Park, New York. These unpretentious people are farmers; they are quite self-sufficient upon the results of their own industry; and their plain lives are colored by the importance of the Meeting and what it stands for. The beauty of the countryside in its relation to a satisfying life is one of the outstanding qualities of this novel. "Crum Elbow Folks" gives a quaint and charming picture of an old Quaker settlement made real through the trials of Huldah Sheldon's struggle to follow the dictates of her heart.

**$2.00**




## SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES

**Mary Hoxie Jones**

"Swords Into Ploughshares" is the result of a widespread desire for an extensive and accurate account of the great work of the American Friends Service Committee from its beginning in 1917 down to the present time. Mary Hoxie Jones, the author, has given the book flavor with her own personal experiences on the field as well as those of the vast number of others who have consecrated their lives to this work. "The Quakers have always been sensitive to the struggles and sufferings of their fellowmen and this dramatic story of their service, together with its portrayal of the spirit in which this service was done, forms a stirring epic."

**$3.00**

quaintance with the lore of his Quaker ancestry and his sincere love of wild life of the neighborhood. The book bears an appreciative foreword by Sara Delano Roosevelt, and we are inclined to agree with her summary: "After the turmoil and confusion of many of the present books, the story of simple country folk living close to the soil is like the breath of an old-fashioned nose-gay."

E. W. B.

## THE LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL

BY MARJORIE HILL ALLEE

*Houghton Mifflin Co., New York*
237 pp. $2.00

Latest in an impressive string of books by Marjorie Hill Allee, beginning not many years ago with "Susanna and Tristram," has recently come this "Little American Girl." Eager readers of her stories have become adjusted to hopping about hither and yon to varying scenes whither the fortunes of the young heroine may lead them. This time they get to go abroad. And just as in the past they have learned that there is more of fact than fancy in M. H. A's books—at least the fancy emerges from a background of reality—so now they will anticipate, and with justified assurance, a story which has a basis of experience.

Sarah Ann Reid, seventeen year old Sophomore, finds herself breathlessly catapulted from an American College campus (Earlham College, incidentally) to Paris, where she becomes closely associated with the folks and activities of the Quaker Center. Here is really an international adventure in friendship, combined with an opportunity to gain facility in French—that and the effort to be genuinely helpful in the home of the busy American Director of the Center and his charming wife.

This experience brings rich treasure of wide acquaintance and some close friendships, while character and maturity are developed in Sarah Ann through her earnest efforts to help others to solve their difficult personal problems. Through the story runs the thread—perhaps we should say the life-line—of the Center and its manifold services of good will in Paris and France. Not only that, for the circle of activity is enlarged to include an international young people's conference in Belgium and some hard work as a member of a "digging" work camp in England, in which the diggers represent various nationalities.

While this story of Sarah Ann's adventures in a foreign setting is written for the reading public of young people in general, it is naturally of particular interest to Friends. For those with some personal knowledge of the situation involved it is quite intriguing to identify some of the characters portrayed in the story.

The book is quite profusely illustrated by Paul Quinn.

W. C. W.

## THE STORY OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING FROM 1672 TO 1938

COMPILED BY
ANNA BRAITHWAITE THOMAS
*Weant Press, Baltimore,* $1.00.

Upon Quaker bookshelves there is an ever-increasing number of books, of one sort or another, which deal with the growth of Quaker institutions as the succeeding years add to their record of achievement. To this number we may add a slim, well-bound volume in which the history of Baltimore Yearly Meeting (Orthodox) is reviewed and interpreted by one well qualified for the task by the wealth of her experience and spiritual energy.

As an author, Anna B. Thomas is not unknown in Friendly reading circles. In addition to her own native writing ability she has in this undertaking the advantage of access not only to treasured records in the Yearly Meeting vault but also to journals, letters and reminiscences of members of her own family and that of her husband, the late Dr. Richard H. Thomas. From such sources as these, not to mention the writer's own personal acquaintance with more than half a century of the Meeting's history, the account takes on life and interest.

In a conversational, discursive style peculiarly her own, she recounts the story of the Yearly Meeting—from the great General Meeting in 1672 at West River, Maryland, where scattered groups of Friends in Maryland and northern Virginia gathered in fellowship for the first time, and where the unexpected presence and ministry of George Fox gave form and content to the deliberations. From this start Maryland Yearly Meeting grew. Nourished by "visiting Friends," it weathered such 18th century storms as were engendered by its testimonies against slavery and war. In 1790, after some revision of territory with Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, headquarters were established in the city of Baltimore and the Yearly Meeting assumed that name.

The "separation" in the early part of the 19th century drastically depleted the ranks of the "Orthodox." But in 1845 the absorption of the struggling Virginia Yearly Meeting added numbers as well as widespread geographical area.

The last quarter of the last century was a time of great growth and expansion in all the meetings. Under the leadership of such splendid spirits as Francis T. King, Dr. James Carey Thomas and many others, there was increase not only in numbers and material equipment but also in welfare activities and personal consecration.

The turn of the century and the growing complexities of life have brought new problems which Baltimore Yearly Meeting is facing in a courageous fashion, attempting, as has been said, "to combine the best of what is new with the best of what is old."

Perhaps no Yearly Meeting in this country is so definitely associated with one particular city as this one. Any review of it encounters the difficulty of over-emphasis on the activities of the local group at the expense of those of the entire organization. On the whole, Anna B. Thomas meets this difficulty adequately and with a genuine understanding of problems in the out-lying meetings.

Although one of the smallest, Baltimore Yearly Meeting enjoys a wealth of connections. It maintains a friendly, cooperative relationship with Baltimore General Conference Friends; it has always worked closely with its sister Yearly Meeting on the south and with its "cousins" to the north; it is parent to Yearly Meetings west of the Allegheny Mountains, and a member in the family of the Five Years Meeting. From this breadth of contact we feel sure that there will be a host of Friendly readers who will want to have a copy of this book—both to complete that Quaker bookshelf and to augment their appreciation of one Yearly Meeting's accomplishment.

EDNA WETHERALD BULLERDICK.

## CARLOS—OUR MEXICAN NEIGHBOR

BY MARGARET LORING THOMAS

*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.,* $1.50.

In this delightful story Margaret Loring Thomas continues her self-appointed task of making the youngsters of North America acquainted with their neighbors to the South. Following the every-day activities of Carlos, a gay, adventurous lad, we become familiar with the hustling and abundant life on a huge sugar-cane plantation. We discover also what difficulties may stand in the way of a Mexican boy's desire to learn to read from a "pink paper-covered book" and to become able to teach other boys and girls.

At first Carlos attends school out-of-doors under a big pine tree. When finally permission for a schoolhouse is gained, he and the other scholars help in the construction of the adobe building. Then they settle down to their various studies in good earnest.

During the Christmas holidays, Carlos and a schoolmate tramp to a near-by lake to catch the "Christmas fish," which takes the place of our roast turkey on Mexican Christmas dinner tables. Many of the quaint and curious customs and

festivities which are a part of Carlos' normal experience are described with a sympathy that makes them very real.

Although always bearing in mind the youthful readers for whom her book is intended, Mrs. Thomas nevertheless manages to indicate clearly the conflict between old and new Mexico—the *status quo* and the more liberal-minded who would popularize education. With the problems of this changing Mexico the author deals most sympathetically.

To those who wish to provide their children with an entertaining narrative, and, more particularly, to those who wish to guide their children into an appreciation of their Mexican neighbors, we certainly recommend this book.

E. W. B.

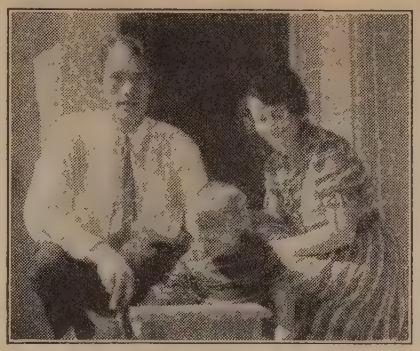
## SIGNIFICANT MEETING OF FRIENDS IN FRANCE

Clarence and Lily Pickett attended a meeting in Paris of members of the France Yearly Meeting held in their honor on Saturday and Sunday, October 15 and 16. A special effort was made to have a representative gathering covering not only Paris but the provinces as well, and the effort was highly successful; about fifty Friends were present on Saturday, of whom thirteen came from outside of Paris, eight different places being represented. The meeting on Sunday, attended by friends of Friends as well, numbered nearly one hundred.

On Saturday evening Henri Schultz from Delle and Jaqueline Cook from Le Havre, both of whom have joined Friends within the last two years, spoke on the subject, "Why I am a Quaker." Both their talks, dealing with the fundamental bases of the Quaker testimony, were given with clarity and real understanding, touched with strong personal conviction. The session was remarkable for its vigor of intellectual approach as well as its deep spiritual appreciation, and interesting in the light of the fact that perhaps a third of the members present are not over five years of age in Quakerism.

The following day, Sunday, was given over to the meeting for worship in the morning and a business session in the afternoon. The second meeting began with a discussion of the subject of Anti-Semitism and Friends' duty in regard to it, introduced by Marius Grout of Le Havre, who had been a delegate to the International Conference at Vallekilde, Denmark, where the concern was forcefully presented. The second part of the afternoon was given to Clarence Pickett, who spoke most interestingly of the trip he and his wife had made during which they touched practically all the sore spots in Europe. He also told a little of Friends' work in the United States with special emphasis on the Work Camps.

## ARE ATTENDING ADJOURNED SESSION IN ENGLAND



Two former peace caravaners, Thomas I. and Florence W. Potts, sailed November 4, for the adjourned session of the London Yearly Meeting, which is dealing with the testimony of Friends in regard to peace. They went as representatives of the Peace Section of the American Friends Service Committee.

Tom and Florence have long been interested in the problems of peace as they affect young people. Florence is now Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in Philadelphia. In London, the two joined Richard R. Wood, who had been invited to represent the Friends Peace Committee of the two Philadelphia Yearly Meetings.

## RAYMOND WILSON MAKES TOUR OF GOOD WILL

For four full weeks E. Raymond Wilson caravanned for peace among Friends in Indiana and Iowa. During that time, October 2 to 30, he was in forty-four communities and gave eighty-one addresses, with thirty-four of the talks being in Friends meetings. Twenty-seven addresses were given before high school groups numbering five thousand students and faculty members. Addresses were also made at the Iowa Colleges, Cornell, Simpson and William Penn.

This journey was made under the auspices of the Peace committees of Western and Iowa Yearly Meetings and included peace conferences in a few chosen places in addition to the peace talks. Nearly one hundred dollars worth of literature was sold, much of it at reduced prices, so the total value must have been over two hundred.

Aside from promoting international understanding and good will resulting from fresh contacts with Europe, Raymond Wilson made a distinct contribution to the groups to whom he spoke through his fine collection of linens and his costumes obtained from former headhunters when he was in Formosa. This summer in Europe Raymond bought lunch cloths and linens in a dozen different countries and this remarkable display was shown many times. When the beautiful cloth from Czechoslovakia was shown an unconscious "Ah-h-h" ran through the high school audiences. Here was something beautiful, visible from this country of which they had heard so much. In many a high school assembly four students were chosen and upon them Raymond would fasten the costumes from the mountains of Formosa, costumes made by the wives of men who had formerly hunted heads: beautiful cloth and workmanship from these people so recently removed from savagery. The climax was reached always when Raymond came to the "trousers" of the headhunters which were short skirts. Seldom does one hear as spontaneous an outburst of laughter as when a Formosan skirt was tied around one of the high school's athletes. When time permitted students as well as adults crowded around to examine closely costumes and linens.

As one who was permitted to be with Raymond Wilson, both in Indiana and Iowa, I want to bear testimony to the value of his work. It was no mere emotional appeal for peace, but the laying of stones upon which permanent peace must be built: appreciation of other races, understanding of the problems of other nations and good will toward other peoples. In the conferences held among Friends the basis of our position was stressed—the love of God so filling our hearts and lives that we find it impossible to hate or do evil to anyone. For Friends inward peace must result in outward peace. To promote peace, inward and outward, Raymond Wilson proved himself an effective messenger.

MILTON H. HADLEY.

Chicago, Illinois.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE HOME

Those who desire to make Christmas in the home a Christian festival as well as a time of joy and happiness, will find help in doing so in a pamphlet recently issued by the Pilgrim Press entitled, "When Christmas Comes." This material is a compilation of items which have appeared from time to time in the *Pilgrim Elementary Teacher* and is planned especially for families with children of elementary years. It sells for five cents.

Another source of good suggestions for Christmas in the home is the current issue (December) of the *Pilgrim Elementary Teacher* which has 16 pages of suggestions. It may be purchased for ten cents per copy or twelve copies for 75 cents. Order through the Friends Book and Supply House at Richmond.

CECIL E. HAWORTH, *Chairman, Department of Christian Home Life.*

High Point, N. C.

# Trip of Seven Wonders—Minus One

By Elizabeth H. Emerson

EIGHT years ago every journey into the scenic portions of New Mexico was an invitation to attempt a description. With familiarity the urge has become less insistent, but a trip such as I have recently experienced is sufficient to break any resolutions of silence.

From Las Vegas to Hot Springs by way of Santa Fe, Albuquerque and Socorro is a well-known road. Yet the first wonder appeared before we reached Hot Springs, when we left the highway to view Elephant Butte Dam. At any time its waters are lovely to look upon, and each of our convention-bound delegation had previously seen the dam. But on this day in October at four in the afternoon, all the forces of air, water and sky seemed to have united to give us a rare combination of colors. Farthest from us the water had a color of deep blue of our distant mountains at sunset. Nearer, turquoise, Alice, Copenhagen, royal and a dozen other shades and tones formed irregular stripes across the lake, fading at the point nearest us into bluish silver. Over all, the late afternoon sun cast a soft glow, while above, the steady blue of the sky was a speedway for racing white clouds.

Elephant Butte dam receives its name from the island butte which lifts itself in the shape of a reclining elephant. It means water, and therefore life, to an immense tract of land. Its construction is a marvelous feat of skill of man. So completely were we engrossed in the beauty of its blues that scarcely a word of its structure or use was spoken.

About fifteen miles from Hot Springs, we were confronted with a choice between a comparatively short mountain route to Silver City, which was our destination, and a much longer one continuing on pavement. With one accord the five of us, who rode together as peaceably as if five entirely different philosophies of life had not ruled our inner spirits, chose the mountain road. No doubt we were all thinking of the glory of New Mexico aspens in October. They love the heights and the company of tall pines whose green supplies the proper contrast. But evidently the aspens know when to make themselves scarce. The glory we were to see was a new one, and climbing steadily toward the sinking sun, we began to see splashes of red on the mountain-sides. We were driving over a "rim" road, comfortably wide for seasoned mountain travelers, alarmingly near the edge for the untrained. A chasm of unimagined depth cut us off from the mountains to the left. What were those bits of red among the evergreens which covered the slopes, even to the bottom of the gorge? What *could* they be? Oak? But our mountain-side oak is the low "scrub" variety, and its colors in autumn are tan, russet, brown, magenta, wine, but never really red. Our poison ivy and Virgina Creeper supply the only red we had known, and these were falling like crimson streamers over rocks and down trees along our way, near to us. This distant red was entirely different, ranging from scarlet to rose and pink. As we wondered, the amounts of it became greater, until suddenly there came into view a double hillside with valley between, where the tall trees had been removed by fire or lumbering, and the colors of the scrub oak covering the ground blended into a Persian carpet. Over this a careless painter had splased the varied reds of our unknown tree!

For eight years, glorying in the splendor of yellow aspens, I have thought that I was not grieving for the reds of Indiana and Illinois autumns. Now I know that deep in my subconscious soul I have longed for "flaming banners." Imagine the delight of the two of us who have at other times lived where these banners are flung over miles of woodland, when on our return trip we learned that some species of *maple* supplied the glowing red of our perfect picture! Now with the coming of autumn when we fare forth to view the aspens, I shall think, "But there *is* a place in New Mexico where maple trees turn red!"

The third wonder appeared very soon. At the summit of the Black Range which we were crossing, the trees parted on our right to show an expanse of comparatively level country, not unlike that best-loved view which one sees upon entering New Mexico from Colorado by way of Raton pass. But here, the expanse seemed, if possible, wider, and the sun was setting, turning its turrents and buttes and mesas and pinnacles to pure shining gold! Saint John in his vision of the heavenly city saw streets of gold. I looked upon a million acres of gold! We have troubled ourselves no little about St. John's golden streets, fearing that he might have been materialistic. I know now that he was only describing the *beauty* of the celestial thoroughfares as he viewed them from some great height with celestial light falling upon them.

By the time we suddenly came upon our fourth wonder, the sun had gone, and the sky against which we were riding was striped with crimson and gold. I was not first to see "the Kneeling Nun," for although I knew that she was somewhere along the way, I had not expected to find her at so great a height or of such proportions that she could be seen for many miles. Her legend and her presence dominate the Silver City country. Long, long ago a soldier, wounded in battle, staggered to the door of a convent, was received and nursed to health by the kindly Sisters. But to one Sister, Teresa by name,

"Tis some one young to nurse to health
Tis someone young this life to share."*

Interrupted by the Mother Superior in the mutual expression of their tender love, Teresa was banished and wandered forth alone into the mountains. When found by her broken-hearted lover, she had become an image of stone, kneeling before the high rock altar, in which, to this day may be seen at close range, the faint markings of a cross! Legends abound in our country, but I know of no other which so grips one as does this of the kneeling figure gazing "in agony toward paradise,"* one whose only sin was to let her love "blossom in fair loveliness."*

Night hid from us the fifth wonder which we knew we were passing, and it was on the return journey after two strenuous days of the Women's Club convention that we saw the copper mines of Santa Rita. Copper is the mineral of the State which produces most wealth and supplies most labor. We were told that this huge recently-almost-quiet mine had taken on a new activity with the alarm of war. To me a mine has always meant a dark, hidden cave or shaft going deep into the earth. Here was a terraced hole in the ground of such size and depth that we could stand upon its rim and watch a puffing engine carrying cars of ore-laden rock along its terraces and think of a child's toy! The green of oxidized copper, striped vertically with rock in which other minerals prevail, turns the whole into a variegated amphitheatre in which men work under blue skies with little danger of falling rock and free from the fear of dust explosions.

Conventions are not my strong point. It was with misgivings, over-ruled by near-necessity, that I consented to go on this four-hundred mile journey. I did not find my sixth wonder within the beautiful new club-house which is Silver City's pride. There I found a few friends, a warm welcome by kind and courteous women, a presiding officer whose gracious manner and firm hand kept business run-

*Quotations are from a play, "The Kneeling Nun," by Orlean Waddell Turner.

ning smoothly and sessions closing on time. I heard excellent addresses on soil conservation, the organization of Allied Youth, International Relations and other subjects which effect New Mexico women and all women. I beheld unimagined creations for the obeying of Paul's injunction in regard to the covering of the head, uncounted hues of nail polish and un-understandable methods of hair-dress.

In the country home in which, with a friend-companion I was entertained for lodging and breakfast, I found the sixth wonder. Our little hostess of the soft southern accent met us in the yard, which was a garden of late-blooming flowers and berry-covered shrubs. It was there, too, later, that we found our host, whose creation was this paradise for birds. Readers of Mid-West and East cannot quite understand what a garden means in New Mexico. It speaks of labor and care and effort to provide water which can scarcely be supplied by any save those who love the growing things of earth. Within the house was every token of simple yet high-plane living; lack of display, good books and magazines, beautiful pictures, and over all, a fine disregard of non-essentials. There was "grace before meat." There was a wide window through which from our breakfast table we looked out on lovely hills. In the absence of children, there were two college youths, trained to share the work of the home with ease and proficiency, sharing also the priceless atmosphere of a Christian home. Happy homes are not so rare as "Kneeling Nuns" and copper mines, but when a man from Indiana and a maid from Georgia unite to build a place for living the full life in New Mexico, this becomes indeed, a wonder of the world.

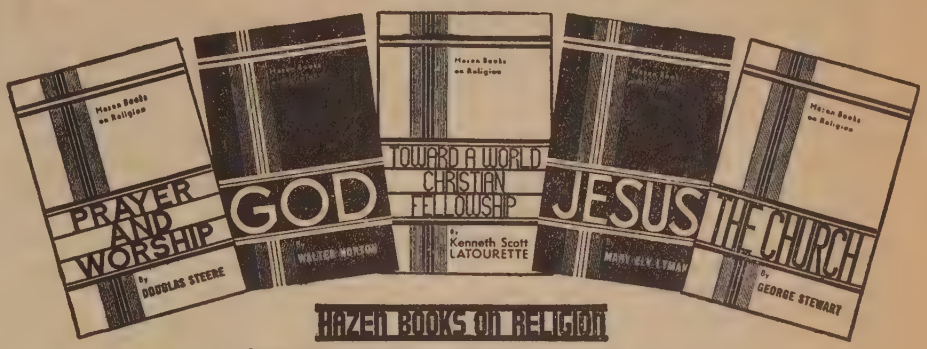
No doubt the "seventh wonder" was somewhere just around a corner, but we did not see it. We might have found it in the "ghost" silver mining town of Tyrone, a few miles from Silver City. Or if we had stopped in Hot Springs to visit the Carrie Tingley Hospital where crippled children are being helped to normal living, the seventh wonder might have appeared. Yet I have no regrets. For next October, I shall have my needed excuse to assemble as many as possible of my beauty-loving family and journey toward this region of many wonders.

Las Vegas, New Mexico.

## A WORD OF EXPLANATION

Because of the large amount of space given to the subject of literature in this issue, it has been necessary to hold over a large amount of material already in type, including the report of the recent session of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Contributors and readers may be assured that this "hold over" material will be used just as expeditiously as possible.


# Hazen Books on Religion

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WALTER HORTON

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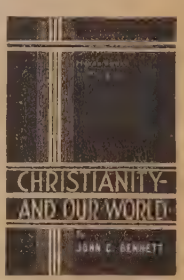
**PRAYER AND WORSHIP**
DOUGLAS STEERE

Here is the problem of this book: How does a man become increasingly a Christian when he already is one? How does he begin from where he is and at least be in motion from "not Christian enough"? In other words, this book is concerned with growth in the religious life and with practices indispensable to such growth.

**TOWARD A WORLD CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**
KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

The author discusses the necessity for, essentials of, and progress toward this fellowship.

Is there any justification for attempting to make Christianity world wide? Is not one religion about as good as another? Does not each people in the course of time build up a religion adapted to its culture?




**WHAT IS MAN?** Robert Calhoun (Spring, 1939)
**CHRISTIANS IN AN UNCHRISTIAN SOCIETY** Ernest F. Tittle (Spring, 1939)

## FRIENDS BOOK & SUPPLY HOUSE

**101 South 8th Street** **RICHMOND, INDIANA**

# OUR FRIENDLY FORUM

**What readers are thinking on topics of timely interest**

## WHEN A CONVINCED FRIEND WAS STAGGERED

To "Western" Friends:

Oft times—indeed as Friends would think, always—more is to be achieved by simple, straightforward speech, than by elegance of diction. We speak, therefore, in the former manner.

I am a convinced Friend, prior to which I was a seeker; a seeker, because I had not yet found what I felt there was in life, to be found. I had been born and raised in a devout and pious atmosphere, for which I am truly grateful and to which I render due homage. But there came a day when I realized I must go elsewhere. Whither? I searched for years.* At last, out of the dim recesses of the past, I thought of the word, "Quakers." Eventually I discovered a meeting; (why do Friends hide their light under a bushel?); rather timidly, I entered the meetinghouse and in due course of time was accepted into membership. This was five years ago. I have been very happy in the deepest and finest sense of the word. But there is one thing that grieves me. I am going to tell you of that.

Soon after I had become a Friend, I was standing on the porch of the old meetinghouse at Purchase, New York. I looked across the lot, and beheld an old and dilapidated building (now in process of restoration by the united meeting).

"What is that building?" I asked of a Friend, who stood with me.

"It is the old Orthodox meetinghouse," he replied.

"What do you mean—orthodox?" I asked.

And then, of course, I heard the whole story. For the moment, and for some while after, I was staggered. Perhaps I should have known enough to look up the history of Friends, before; some might even say that I should have been told. I do not think that either of these things should have been done.

What I had been seeking, what I had concluded I would find in Friends was, as I now clearly perceive, a way of living in this world. I knew myself to be aggressive—quick to resent, quick to judge. Doubtless in the religion of my fathers there were many excellent precepts and examples that might have helped me. I shall not deny that, nor shall I linger on it. All I may say is that the sum total of impressions had not been sufficient to tame me—and I had recognized the fact; I think the word, Discipline, was working in me; as I lingered with Friends, observed them, against the background of my own past, I was sweetly convinced. I did see a new way of Life.

Then, on that Sunday, I suddenly heard the story of the Orthodox meetinghouse. Had I been younger than I was, perhaps I should have been discouraged and even scornful. But I have seen much of this world, enough at least to know that the true meetinghouse can only be within our own hearts.

And yet, Friends have a peculiar responsibility before the Lord, and before men. It is to hearken to the Voice of the Spirit, to reveal the strength of Silence, made evident in a different way of life, a calmer way—a way the world has recognized as time has passed into Eternity.

I am very happy that the old Orthodox meetinghouse at Purchase, New York, is being renovated by the re-united meeting, for the use of the growing First-Day school. I feel myself on higher ground because of that.

Can such a thing happen throughout Quakerdom? Can we present to the World the spirit of unity that dwelt amongst the disciples? Can we be Friends? To-day—now?

RUSSELL POPE.

Guilford College, North Carolina.

*The account of that search may be read in a little pamphlet issued by Philadelphia Friends, and entitled, "Not Dead."

## "EDITORIAL POLEMIC" IS SHARPLY CRITICIZED

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

Your editorial polemic, "Munich—A Mirage on the Desert," is one that lends itself to misunderstanding too easily to let pass without some comment. It sounds as if you neither believe in peace or war. One living within the British Commonwealth of Nations might easily conclude that you believe in peace for the United States and war for Great Britain. It is just because I do not believe that you hold such views that I make so bold as to offer a criticism of your Munich editorial.

I do not like your facility in the use of hard words, many of them applied to Great Britain generally and to Mr. Chamberlain specifically: such as folly, abject, grossly violated, basely treated, doom, flagrantly betrayed, cynic, deluge, wilderness, iniquity, disgraceful peace, etc.

But after all, your statement is only the immediate cause of this "bill of objections." The freedom with which moralists in the United States have leveled the finger of scorn at Great Britain is all the more amazing when one considers the "holier than thou" foreign policy of the government at Washington. The unrealistic "Keep America out of war" slogan of the passivists (not pacifists) is a constant source of embarrassment to those who look upon the United States post-war history with some degree of objectivity.

In recent weeks I have learned from the United States that Britain was right, wrong, astute, cowardly, tricky, statesmanlike. Hitlerian Germany was bluffing, meant business, bullying, demanding her rights, should be annihilated, treated as an equal.

I seem to hear it all, the intellectual and polite discussion, the vigorous political pronouncement, the soapbox expletive, and always the disdain of the barbarity that is Europe, which is simply the other side of the pride of paradise that is the United States. And in Europe is England with her folly, baseness, iniquity, imperialistic "wrong hands," Chamberlain.

In this Babel, my concern is that the Society of Friends shall be not just a fragmentary cross section of the general public. True, there is no reason to suppose that Friends are any wiser than their contemporaries, but is it too much to hope that they constitute a spiritual brotherhood which can keep them steady when the guns begin to rumble, or men begin to meet in Munich? Perhaps a few observations from an American Quaker, who has been for over a decade so situated that he can view with greater objectivity both the American and the British political scene, might help a little.

To begin: The League is politically dead or dying and power politics undoubtedly is in the ascendency, not only in Europe but throughout the whole world. And the League is politically moribund because it was born of lust not love, because the United States even before its birth denied paternity, and because in its infancy France overworked it for her own selfish ends. The League thus became a tool of those who could use it, and as such to be thrust aside when no longer of service. The instrument for peace and justice it might have been was never realized, primarily as I believe, because the United States, which had gained the moral and financial ascendency during the world war, was unable through petty politics to assume her rightful role. Her failure created an anaemic condition at Geneva which was never overcome.

The men who came to Munich were not the creators of the empasse—they were the inheritors of it. And they came to Munich largely because the United States did not go to Geneva. And of those men who met at Munich none de-

serves more at the hands of American public opinions than does Mr. Chamberlain.

American moral indignation seems to focus on the unwillingness of Mr. Chamberlain to say the irrevocable word which would have led to war unless Herr Hitler had backed down. This is all the more strange, since Britain had no commitments to go in, even if Hitler did invade Czechoslovakia; and, since the United States seems committed to her policy of "splendid isolation" and profits. Would all those who are so criticising Mr. Chamberlain have advocated that the United States help England, had she helped France, had she helped Czechoslovakia? I wonder.

There is no question that Mr. Chamberlain had a most unpleasant task. The very spectacle of the Prime Minister of a powerful nation, leader of the proud old Tory party, flying three times to talk with a crude, resolute, and powerful nobody is a new thing in diplomacy. That he dealt with a man whom he must have despised is all the more laudable. That he was a realist was certain. That he saved Europe from war, if only temporarily, is beyond doubt.

The cost was high, but in comparison to the cost of war, not unnecessarily so. That it was borne by Czechoslovakia is lamentable but not irremediable. All those who were willing to have risked the cost of a war for "poor little Czechoslovakia" can now step forward with donations or loans and send them to the Lord Mayor's fund, And the cost to her, of war, would have been unthinkable. If ever a nation illustrated the fact that the way of oppression within her own borders, fortifications, and military alliances is not reliable, that nation is Czechoslovakia.

Indications are not lacking, that whatever one's political bias, Chamberlain at Munich had the solid sentiment of the people back of him in preserving the peace. Collective-Security Eden had already found himself out of tune. Rule-the-Waves Duff Cooper found the Cabinet out of tune with himself. Neither H. M. Loyal Opposition, nor Winston Churchill, nor Lloyd George risked a motion of lack of confidence. The Peace Pledge Union was unwavering in its declaration, "War settles nothing."

Finally, I really got a thrill out of President Roosevelt's forthright messages to Hitler, couched not in diplomatic verbiage but in typical Americanese. It was timely, pitched on a high plane, and undoubtedly went a long way toward creating an atmosphere opposed to war. May we hope that it is the first intimation that the United States is coming out of her "splendid isolation" into the councils of earth. She never has been isolated in reality. She can do much if she becomes aware of her potentialities for peace.

In the meantime let Friends search their business, and political moralities to see if they really are living "in that spirit which takes away the occasions of war."

G. RAYMOND BOOTH.

Toronto, Ontario.

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We welcome this forthright statement from our friend and critic. While we cannot share his enthusiasm for Mr. Chamberlain, we are inclined to hold further judgment in abeyance awaiting developments. G. R. B. refers to the Peace Pledge Union. In its pre-Munich manifesto to the Premier it said: "We believe that we have no moral right to demand concessions from Czechoslovakia without being ready to make real sacrifices ourselves," and referred specifically to Britain's colonial possessions. Selah. We agree that the United States bears an inescapable responsibility through its attitude toward the League. However, Great Britain's vacillating, shifty foreign policy is considerably to blame for this country's caution. Our government tried bravely to cooperate for peace and democracy by declaring the Stimson doctrine in Manchuria in 1931. Had Britain not let us rudely down then, the world scene might be very different today. Cooperation implies somebody to cooperate with—Editor.

## A DEEPLY SEARCHING LETTER FROM FRIENDS IN PRAGUE

DEAR FRIENDS:

The group of Friends in Prague feels a deep concern to send this message to Friends abroad. Some of us have received letters from Friends in which they expressed their thankfulness for the peace having been saved. It is not because we belong to the nation which has paid the price for it that we are not so optimistic—we hope no one would doubt that we have as well desired the peaceful and just solution of the international situation, and that this sacrifice would be in fact nothing if peace was really saved. But the question that worries us, is: Did we thus get nearer to the Kingdom of God? Have our ideals not just now suffered a great setback?

May we beg Friends to consider: The war was averted, not by the principle of love but by concessions to violence and the fear of it. Nations could see that the right belongs to the stronger part; that the conception of values was turned upside down. Not the justice, but the injustice, not the truth, but the lie, not the love, but the hatred, not the freedom, honesty, braveness, but their opposites have been victorious in these last days. Does pacifism mean that we refuse to kill people but watch quietly when their souls are killed? What was done in the name of freedom and humanity in the last few years, e.g.—in Abyssinia, Spain, China, Central Europe? And will the future peace be protected by more armaments, more fortifications, more sacrifices? By increasing nationalism and social injustice?

It seems that the present situation asks from us not merely to help and repair where the damage was done, but to go and find the source of the evil and to start our work there. This time is not one of compromise either in a good or a bad sense. We all are in a way guilty for what is happening around ourselves. But our conscience will be heavily burdened if we do not realize the danger, and if we don't set to work at once. The period of history in which we live is a very remarkable one, but it asks for remarkable spirits and decisions.

Many thanks for all the expressions of sympathy and loving thoughts.

On behalf of the group,

SYLVA STAHLOVA, *Clerk.*

Prague 16, Germany.

## CALENDARS FOR 1939

The 1939 calendars issued by the American Friends Board of Missions will be ready for distribution by December 1. The name is being changed this year to Our Friendly Calendars. The views will be of buildings in each of the fields, forming part of the series which began with portraits of American workers in 1937 and of national workers in 1938. The price will again be twenty cents for single copies or fifteen cents for lots of ten or more; this reduction for orders in quantity gives opportunity for societies to make some profit for their own organizations.

## WHERE MORE MAY BE HAD IF YOU LIKE SAMPLE

"Kiddom Reveries in Hoosierdom and Otherwheres" is the title of the forthcoming volume of poems by the Quaker poet marooned in Kansas and Oklahoma for the past fifty-one years, Henry Coffin Fellow of Wichita, Kansas. It is the *folksiest* bit of poesy that this author has ever written and deals with the foibles of Kiddom of Indiana sixty-five and seventy years ago. It is chock full of fun and pleasantry of this Hoosier Quaker kid of the past seventy years. It is based on facts and one can read it without specks. All of the jam and pastry are placed on the lower shelf and any one can reach them. The days of pole slashes, pole bridges, plank roads, log cabins and all back-woodsy frills are vividly seen and enjoyed. Taste mother's corn pone and see how you like it.

"How I loved my mother's bakin'
Brown corn pone,
Rich with cracklins in the makin'
On the old hearth stone."

If you like it you can get another chunk by writing to H. C. Fellow, 519 South Glenn, Wichita, Kansas. Price per copy, 85 cents postpaid.

# QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

William Douglass of Los Angeles celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on October 9, which was "Admission Day," and a State holiday, so he had plently of help in observing the event. He has been a member of First Friends Church of Los Angeles for about forty years, removing with his late wife, Ruthanna, and family from Plainfield, Indiana.

* * * *

Two well known writers among Friends, Edith L. Squires of Richmond, Indiana, and Elizabeth H. Emerson of Las Vegas, New Mexico, have collaborated in the writing of a charming Christmas play, "The Topaz of Ethiopia," which appears in the November issue of *International Journal of Religious Education.*

* * * *

Quakers get first page, first column space in the November 10, issue of *The Daily Maroon,* campus newspaper of the University of Chicago. A student, Joe Rosenstein, contributes a discriminating appraisal and appreciation of the Quaker Work Camps, in one of which he participated this last summer. In a later issue we hope to reproduce the gist of his article.

* * * *

There is almost a Friends college within a college at Pennsylvania State. The Friends Meeting directory at State College lists six graduate students, sixteen Seniors, fifteen Juniors, eighteen Sophomores, ten Freshmen, five two-year agricultural and one special student, making a total of seventy-one. Twelve or more members belong to the Faculty and Administrative Staff of the College.

* * * *

In the election on November 8, two Wayne County, Indiana, Friends were elected to responsible positions: Albert Ferris of Milton was re-elected as a member of the State Senate, and David W. Dennis of Richmond was elected County Prosecutor, both on the Republican ticket. We shall be glad to know of other Friends over the country who may have made the hurdles successfully on our national field day.

* * * *

Lindley J. and Corona Cook of Portland, Maine, get more than "honorable mention" in the Chicago Theological Seminary *Register* of alumni and former students. It is noted that they are well into their ninth year of work in the South Portland Meeting, and that in addition to his increasing responsibilities in his own denomination (he is also serving Oak Street Meeting in Portland as acting pastor) Lindley is President of the Church Federation of Portland and Secretary of the Maine Council of Religious Education.

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According to the *Guilfordian,* to Dr. A. D. Beittel, Dean of Guilford College, was accorded the honor of being the only scheduled speaker at the two-day conference of Y. W. C. A. workers in the South which was held at Atlanta, Georgia, November 13 and 14. He will also act as leader at the meeting of the American Young Friends Fellowship Committee, which will be held on the Guilford College campus through the Thanksgiving period. It is expected that approximately forty young Friends from over the eastern and east central sections of the United States will be in attendance. Perhaps fifteen Yearly Meetings will be represented.

* * * *

We read in the London *Friend* that the Mayor of Canterbury, cathedral city, seat of the primate of the Anglican Church, is to be a woman Friend, Catherine Williamson, for the year 1938-1939. It is said that two precedents are thus established: "She is the first woman and the first Friend to hold the office in the 700 years of the city's civic history. For approximately four years she has been a member of the City Council, serving on Public Assistance, Blind Welfare, Education, Housing, Market and Parks, Public Health and Watch Committees and being chairman of the Visiting Committee to the Mental Hospital and the Committee for the care of Mentally Defectives. In 1936 Catherine Williamson was associated with her husband in the gift to the city of a beautiful garden."

* * * *

If we may judge by a recent issue of Penn State *Collegian,* John H. Ferguson, still classed as a young Friend, has made an enviable place for himself in the high regard of the Faculty and student body at State College, Pennsylvania. Chosen as one of four members of the Department of History and Political Science to write in the *Collegian* on current events, he is characterized as one who has stamped himself as an authority on the New Deal and on relations between government and the public. Referred to as an outstanding liberal, he is called a consistent crusader for peace and an eager student of the cooperative movement. John Ferguson is a graduate of Nebraska Central College, one of our "very small Friends Colleges," and holds his doctor's degree from the University of Pennsylvania.

## YEARLY MEETING NEEDING DISCIPLINES?

Some Yearly Meetings have signified their need for a new supply of Disciplines. Type for the printing is held in Richmond, and a much better rate may be secured if the printing can be done for several orders at the same time. Those contemplating placing orders in the near future are encouraged to write promptly to Walter C. Woodward, 101 South Eighth Street, Richmond, stating the number desired and asking for quotations on price.

## NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

From fifty to sixty young Friends attended a meeting on Sunday evening, October 23, at the Fifteenth Street Meetinghouse in New York. This was the first meeting of the newly organized Young Friends Fellowship, the unification of the Young Friends groups of both of the New York Yearly Meetings. The young Friends of the Metropolitan area will be represented on the Executive Committee of the Fellowship by Elizabeth R. Stubbs. Much interest was shown in the proposed New York Friends Center, and a large delegation of Young Friends expressed a desire to attend the next meeting of the Center Committee.

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W. S. Kitch has accepted the pastorate of the Muscatine, Iowa, Meeting, but the address for a time of W. S. and Anna K. Kitch will be 121 College Avenue, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

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On the beautiful Sabbath day of October 16, Homecoming and Harvest Home Day were celebrated at the Hadley Meeting, Hadley, Indiana. (Western Yearly Meeting) The meetinghouse was beautifully decorated with flowers, fruits and products of the gardens and fields. With this lovely setting of God's and man's handiwork the Homecoming joy was enhanced. Part of the Sabbath School hour was devoted to songs and recitations by the little people. Congregational singing and duets were interspersed during the day. Milo S. Hinckle, Executive Secretary of Indiana Yearly Meeting, and wife, Addie Stancombe Hinckle, returned as guests of this meeting, which was his initial pastorate thirty-three years ago. In the forenoon he preached an inspiring sermon on, "The Worth of the Church to the Community." Other ministers in attendance were Bernice O. Riddle, the present pastor, who gave a

# Miscellaneous Book Suggestions

## THRICE A STRANGER

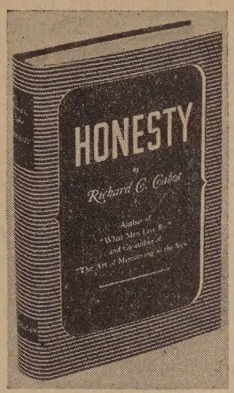
**Vera Brittain**

"In one sense this book is a continuation of 'Testament of Youth,' for in it Vera Brittain resumes her personal story. But this time her background is America, which after more than a decade of intermittent contact has become her 'second home.' Her American experience totals about two years and covers three widely different periods."

**$2.50**

## HONESTY

**Dr. Richard C. Cabot**




"What is the value of honesty to society at large and to ourselves as individuals?" This and many other questions are here discussed in Dr. Cabot's penetrating style. This book will prove of real assistance in meeting the daily personal and group problems bearing on this subject and it will be of material assistance in the formulation of a worthwhile Christian philosophy of conduct.

**$2.50**

## IT OCCURRED TO ME

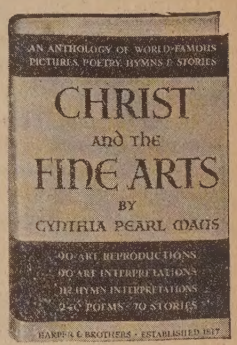
**Muriel Lester**

"This is the autobiography of an English woman, whose denial of wealth and espousal of social causes have made her name renowned throughout the world. Her life, the experiences which led her to establish Kingsley House, London, to work for the poor, to become an intimate of Gandhi, to lead the fight against narcotics, and to devote herself to the cause of peace, are charmingly related."

**$2.00**

## CHRIST AND THE FINE ARTS

**Cynthia Pearl Maus**

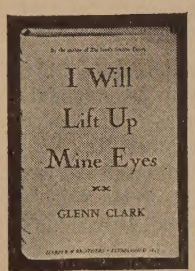



"A giant anthology on the life of Christ, which includes 90 paintings, 240 poems, 117 hymns, and 70 stories, with many interpretations by the author. The various materials are arranged to accord with the chronological life of Christ. Parents, ministers, church school teachers, and club leaders will find the anthology not only inspiring for personal reading, but of utmost practicality for teaching purposes."

**$3.95**

## I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES

**Glenn Clark**




To the list of famous books on Prayer is added this title which gives what most books have not—a complete discussion of the technique of Prayer. The main portion is devoted to a program of four weeks of daily studies. It teaches the reality of prayer and the joy of life and faith in God and it does it in a manner quite unique.

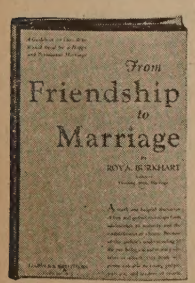
**$1.50**

## THY KINGDOM COME—BUT NOT NOW

**Margaret Slattery**

"A well-known teacher and lecturer discusses the procrastination of Christians in making real on earth the petition of the Lord's Prayer, 'Thy Kingdom come.' She tellingly lets the ideal life and ideal community as visualized by well-meaning Christian individuals stand against the grim realities of present-day life."

**$1.50**




## FROM FRIENDSHIP TO MARRIAGE

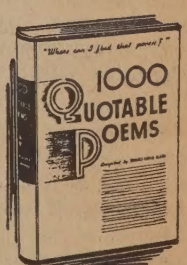
**Roy A. Burkhart**

How to make the most of friendship and marriage, and how to find happiness in boy-and-girl relationships, is the real contribution of this new book. In straightforward style, and without dodging the issues involved, the author points out the values to be preserved and snares to be avoided in problems of genuine significance to young people as "dates," engagement period, and on into married life.

**$1.50**

## 1000 QUOTABLE POEMS

**Compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark**




A superb anthology of more than one thousand poems selected from the inspirational verse of five hundred poets of yesterday and today. Much excellent poetry that lacked quotable quality has been omitted; many poems that have not been honored by anthologists, but that have been widely appreciated by lovers of poetry have been given a place. It has a modern tone and is in touch with common human needs.

**$2.50**

helpful opening service, Leslie Bond, a former pastor at Hadley, and Austin Osborne, both of whom participated in the service. At the noon hour a bountiful basket dinner was served and old friendships were renewed. At the afternoon session Milo Hinckle gave reminiscences of his early pastoral work, and a sermon on "Service," which was deeply appreciated, and warmed the hearts of the hearers. It was a great day for Hadley and community.

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Robert H. Jay, Evangelistic Superintendent of Denver Quarterly Meeting, has recently assumed the pastoral leadership of the Paonia, Colorado, Meeting.

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The Ministerial and Christian Workers Conference of Hesper and Tonganoxie Quarterly Meetings met at Kansas City Friends Community Church, November 1, in all-day sessions. Among those who participated were Dillon and Pearl Wooten, Estella Garrison, Oscar Battin and Oren Dunlap. Emphasis was laid upon vigorous evangelistic efforts and upon the care and development of converts. John S. Brown of Kansas City presided over the sessions.

* * * *

Winneshiek Quarterly Meeting was held at Valton, Wisconsin, October 28 to 30. Among those attending were Richard R. Newby, Willis and Nora Craven, Orin and Oshea Hutchins and Alvin and Maggie Hoskins, all ministers, who gave many inspiring messages during the sessions. On Sunday morning Richard Newby preached on the call to repentance. In the afternoon session devoted to Prohibition and Public Morals, Alvin Hoskins gave a wonderful address on the effect of tobacco in various forms. The temperance question was discussed by a visiting minister from Ripon. Willis Craven gave an evangelistic message in the evening. Bounteous dinners were served in the basement of the church and all enjoyed the social hours together. The Valton Friends have made several improvements in their meetinghouse, including a new furnace. All the forty-five visitors appreciated the royal hospitality shown by Valton Meeting.

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Fredric and Ethel Carter were in attendance at Blue River Quarterly Meeting held at Paoli, Indiana, on October 23 and 24. He expressed the hope that Friends, so small a group comparatively, may enact the part of the "two or three" in these troublous times. A strong note of evangelism permeated the meeting. Frank J. Long, recently installed as pastor at Paoli, said that while we work for mass conversion we should not overlook the importance of personal evangelism. On Sunday afternoon the importance of stewardship in all its phases was stressed. During the week following the Quarterly Meeting sessions, Fredric Carter and Frank Long visited the local meetings, one or the other speaking successively at Blue River, Lick Creek and Beech Grove. In each case the good attendance, including many young people, was encouraging.

* * * *

A Margaret Fell Young Women's Missionary Society has been organized at the Carmel (Indiana) Meeting. Officers are: President, Olive Murphy; Vice-President, Barbara Trester; Secretary, Virginia White; Treasurer, Kathleen Hunt. The Society meets once each month with lessons from the study book, "City Shadows." . . . A large attendance welcomed Donald B. Spitler, pastor, Sunday morning, November 6, when he returned after a three-weeks absence, during which he held a very successful series of evangelistic meetings at Goldsboro, North Carolina . . . At the Carmel Quaker Club Sunday evening, November 6, Professor Chester Quear, Principal of Carmel High School, led an interesting discussion on the subject of "Happiness." There was an attendance of nearly forty young Friends.

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Friends of Miami, Florida, announce the season's opening of their meeting on December 4, on the fifteenth floor of the Security Building at 117 Northeast First Street. The Clerk this year is Ellen Dawson, whose address is 312 East Sixth Street, Hialeah, Florida.

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The Men's League of Wilmington, Ohio, Meeting and the League of Avondale Meeting, Cincinnati, met in joint session the first Monday in November. Dr. William Russell Pyle of Wilmington College was the speaker and told of his experiences in Russia. A covered dish supper was served. . . . Esther Farquhar spoke recently of the Civil War in Spain and told of the welfare work in which she had been engaged in that war-torn country. She has lately returned to her home in Cleveland. . . . Center Quarterly Meeting, held in Wilmington on November 5, was well attended. A. Ward Applegate gave the morning message, which was greatly appreciated. . . . After our last monthly meeting session, Jeannette Hartman, a member of Chester Meeting, told in her pleasing manner of her experiences in the Summer Work Camp at Penn-Craft.

* * * *

During the past summer, Honey Creek, Iowa, Meeting, under the direction of the pastor, Guy W. Harvey, and the pastoral committee planned and outlined the coming year's work. One prominent part of this program was a series of special meetings. George W. Wood of Cherokee, Oklahoma, came the first Sunday in October, and with Nita Newton Roe of Marshalltown as singer, continued meetings for two weeks. In his kindly way George Wood delivered illustrated messages of gospel truth appealing to the hearts of people. The last Sunday morning proved to be the crowning meeting of the series. After the sermon and special song an altar call was made. Some hesitated and then a mother went to her grown son and he walked with her to the altar. In a few minutes they began coming from here and there over the house and from the choir. Deeply in earnest, there were about thirty, mostly young people, who sought and found God. Most of these are uniting with the church.

* * * *

November 12 was a beautiful day for Friends from Amesbury, Worcester and Bolton, Massachusetts, and Providence and Saylesville, Rhode Island, to attend the Smithfield Quarterly Meeting held at Woonsocket, Rhode Island. The group again had the pleasure of presenting a bouquet of flowers to Sarah J. Swift as a token of friendship and congratulations on her ninety-second birthday. A. Edward and Marion Kelsey and Josephine Carr attended the meeting at which time Harold Tollefson spoke on Indian Geography—a lesson on the work and history of the Indian Missions.

* * * *

October was a month with some outstanding services in Wabash, Indiana, Meeting, which were planned to stimulate interest and attendance. Twenty-five boys and girls from White's Institute had full charge of the evening service, October 9. It was a real inspiration to hear these young people, who are being so well trained in spiritual truths as well as in material things. The evening service of October 16 was in charge of Roy Dennis who presented a moving picture entitled, "A Crown of Thorns," vividly depicting many scenes in the life of Christ. Rally Day was observed October 23 with a number of unique features which were appreciated by the large number in attendance. The Junior Choir, led by Mrs. Howard, furnished the music for the evening service. We were pleased to have Professor Perry and Lelah Kissick in our meeting November 13. Mrs. Kissick brought a message in song and Professor Kissick gave us a sermon in peace.

## GRINNELL WAS HOST TO OSKALOOSA QUARTER

Oskaloosa Quarterly Meeting was held at Grinnell, Iowa, November 5. At the meeting on Ministry and Oversight, Robert Lincoln ably voiced the prayer of the meeting for a deepening spiritual life among our members here and throughout the world in order that we may be a

greater power for peace and righteousness. The Grinnell pastor, Wendell Hansen, who had been attending a conference for Christian workers, said the present need was for a power greater than our own to right the wrongs of today and that power was Christ.

During the business session a short memorial service was held for the late J. Morris Lemmon, who had devoted a long life to the ministry and at the time of his death was Evangelistic Superintendent of Oskaloosa Quarterly Meeting. Roy Rich of Oskaloosa, was appointed to fill his unexpired term.

Richard R. Newby, Yearly Meeting Superintendent, gave the spiritual message of the morning, from Jesus's prayer in John 17.

The ladies of the church served a fine luncheon in the basement at noon, after which the Woman's Missionary Union met with Carrie Butler Hadley, Clerk, presiding. Guilford Street, of Lynn Grove Quarterly Meeting, led the devotions and gave a fine address on missions. Della Day brought an interesting and inspiring report from the general missionary conference held at Whittier in May.

At the afternoon session Lawrence Sams spoke on the "Spiritual Basis of Peace." The Junior Quarterly Meeting held their session at this time also, and their report was read in the business session of the Quarterly Meeting and approved with favorable comment.

The attendance was good throughout the meeting and it is felt that blessing and inspiration came to all who were there.

## HISTORICAL OBSERVANCE AT PAOLI, INDIANA

On Sunday, November 27, Paoli, Indiana, Monthly Meeting will celebrate the 125th anniversary of the establishing of the first organized Friends meeting in Orange County. This was set up by Ohio Friends at Lick Creek on September 25, 1813. The local meetings of the Quakers are expected to hold their own morning meetings for worship and come together at Paoli for the afternoon program at 1:30. Three general topics are announced as follows: Quakerism of the Past, Raymond Stout, Paoli; Quakerism Today, Anna Jane Maris, Paoli; Quakerism Tomorrow, Lilith Farlow, Kokomo. An invitation to be present is extended to all interested Friends and especially to all descendants of Orange County Friends and to former pastors.

## BIRTHS

VAN DER VATE—At Washington, D. C., October 16, 1938, to Jan and Harriett Hodgin Van der Vate, a son, Peter Adrian.

## MARRIAGES

JAMES-MORRICAL—At the home of the bride's aunt, Blanche Morrical of Pennville, Indiana, October 9, 1938, Frances Morrical, daughter of Roy and Elma Morrical, to Russel James, son of William and Jennie James of Pennville. O. H. Trader, minister.

## DEATHS

ADAMS — At the Friends Home at Waynesville, Ohio, November 6, 1938, Mary Leah Cadwallader Adams, aged 89 years. She formerly lived in Wilmington; was a member of that meeting and was connected with Wilmington College for a number of years. The daughter of Thomas and Phoebe Fallis Cadwallader, she was born at Harveysburg, Ohio, in 1849. In 1886 she was married to T. Lee Adams, who preceded her in death. Funeral services were conducted at the Friends Church in Waynesville, by A. Ward Applegate.

ALDRICH—At Woonsocket, Rhode Island, September 19, 1938, Dora Thayer Aldrich, aged 77 years, the widow of Herbert O. Aldrich. She was a member of Smithfield Monthly Meeting, Yearly Meeting of Friends for New England. Two sons and one daughter survive.

BARKER—On October 12, 1938, at her home in Westfield, Indiana, Rosa Barker, aged fifty-three years wife of Henry Barker. She was a member of Westfield Meeting where the funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Orval H. Cox. Besides her husband she is survived by one daughter, by a former marriage, a step-son, and her parents.

BUFKIN — At Pasadena, California, September 12, 1938, Edmond R. Bufkin. He was born at Lynnvile, Iowa, April 24, 1880, the son of Thomas K. and Sarah C. Bufkin. Three years later the family removed to Pasadena, where they became charter members of the Friends meeting. Although never in good health, his interest in the church and its activities was unflagging. Services were conducted by R. Ernest Lamb, on September 14; interment at Mountain View Cemetery, Pasadena.

CHACE—At Fall River, Massachusetts, May 1, 1938, Marianna N. (Newton) Chace, widow of Henry E. Chace, aged eighty years. A birthright Friend, she was a loyal and conscientious worker in church and community work, intensely interested in art and literature, she was devoted to the higher things of life, and the inspiration of her gracious personality was widely felt. She was an influencial teacher of young people, served the Fall River Meeting as Trustee and Overseer and was an Elder at the time of her death. She is survived by one brother and a son. Funeral services were conducted at her home by Alvano C. Goddard and Charles W. Mesner.

COMMONS—At Denair, California, July 20, 1938, Rhoda Ellen Commons. Daughter of John and Polly Ann Pearson, she was born in Warren County, Iowa, December 10, 1858. In 1886 she was married to Henry C. Commons. Their home, always a center of Christian influence, was established near Lowell, Kansas. Later they lived at Long Beach and at Denair, California, where the husband and four children reside.

DAVENPORT—On August 14, 1938, at Richmond, Indiana, William H. Davenport. He was born near Richmond, February 22, 1852, the son of Warner and Rebecca Crampton Davenport. He was a birthright Friend and a brother of Ellwood Davenport, a Friends minister.

HADLEY—At Kokomo, Indiana, July 6, 1938, Oliver S. Hadley, aged 72 years. Born near Mooresville, Indiana, he became a faithful worker in the local meeting. In 1900 he moved with his family to Amboy, Indiana, where he served for many years as Elder in the church. His manner was quiet and unassuming but he proved his religion by his daily walk. Surviving are his wife and two sons. Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Russell E. Rees.

HILL—At the home of her daughter at Greensboro, North Carolina, October 12, 1938, Artalissa Bond Hill, aged 81 years. She was a member of Greensboro Monthly Meeting. Surviving are two daughters and one brother. Funeral services were held at Central Friends Church, High Point, North Carolina.

HOLLINGSWORTH—On July 9, 1938, at her home, at Denair, California, after a brief illness, Roma J. Hollingsworth, at the age of 78. She was the daughter of a Friends minister, John and Elizabeth Reynolds Folger, and was a birthright member of the Pilot Grove Meeting near Ridge Farm, Illinois. She attended Vermillion Grove Academy and Earlham College, and in 1882 was married to Jacob Mark Hollingsworth. For thirty years she was active in the Friends meeting at Denair. She is survived by four children.

JENKINS—At Whittier, California, November 1, 1938, Willis H. Jenkins, aged seventy-three years. Born near Beloit, Ohio, a birthright Friend, he attended Damascus Academy and graduated in 1894 from the Civil Engineering Department of Ohio State University. For thirty years he was in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad as civil engineer. In 1902 he married Jennie Maud Smythe, who died seven years later. In 1913 he was united in marriage to Esther H. Thomas. To the former union one son was born. After his retirement from railroad service, the family moved from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to Whittier, California. Surviving are his wife and son and one sister. Funeral services were conducted by O. Herschel Folger, assisted by Ellis A. Wells.

MENDENHALL — Philena Hadley Mendenhall, a faithful member of University Friends Church, Wichita, Kansas, on September 6, at the age of 82. She had been a sufferer for several years, through which she was always cheerful and uncomplaining. She loved the church and as long as she was able, was always glad to perform any service for it and for others. She was the daughter of Jonathan and Jane Hadley, and was born at Pleasant Plain, Iowa, February 7, 1856. She married Ezra Mendenhall, February 7, 1877,

## WANTED—A REED ORGAN

Friends in Jamaica are appealing for a good used reed organ for the meeting at Orange Bay. They have sufficient funds to arrange for its transportation to the island. In case the organ should be found in the western States, it is probable that Mary E. White, who is sailing for Jamaica from California on December 28, could take it with her. Will any Friend who has such an organ to give please communicate with the American Friends Board of Missions, 101 South Eighth Street, Richmond, Indiana.

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(who died in 1930) and was the mother of four sons and two daughters, the latter of whom survive her. Charles O. Whitely had charge of the funeral services.

MILLER—At Boston, Massachusetts, on September 20, 1938, Helen Maud Miller at the age of 33. For more than twenty-two years she had been a loyal member of Boston Monthly Meeting of Friends, having joined the meeting when only a girl. For many years she had been an invalid, suffering from a serious heart ailment. Although during the last several months of her life she was in much pain, and had come to realize that she would never get well physically, her faith in God grew stronger and more joyous, and she came to feel that spiritually she was well.

SPRONG—On August 13, 1938, in Richmond, Indiana, following an operation, Otto H. Sprong. He was born at Hamilton, Ohio, January 9, 1871, and came to Richmond when about eight years old, where he lived all his life with the exception of seven years spent in California. While young he joined Friends from being sent to Friends Bible School, and was a member of First Friends Church at the time of his death. Wm. J. Sayers conducted the funeral services.

THUMA—At Dayton, Ohio, October 2, 1938, Edna Peirce Thuma, wife of Vern Thuma, and the daughter of Walter C. and Lois T. Peirce of Miami, Florida. Surviving are two small children, four sisters and a brother. Interment was made at Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

WILTSEE—At Long Beach, California, October 24, 1938, Florence Elizabeth Wiltsee, who was born in 1865 at Jonesboro, Indiana. In Fairmount, and Marion, Indiana, and in Long Beach, California, she served as Overseer. She was the Literature Superintendent of Grant County, Indiana, W. C. T. U.; a member of the Board of Grant County Orphans' Home; Vice-President of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Board of California Yearly Meeting; and President of the Missionary Society of Long Beach, California. All through the years she was a self-sacrificing and faithful servant of Christ. Surviving are her husband, three daughters and a brother, Albert Small, teacher in Junior College, Long Beach, California.

WOLFE—At Hillsboro, Ohio, October, 3, 1938, Jean Elizabeth Wolfe, aged twenty years, the daughter of Pearl and Eva Pearce Wolfe. She was especially gifted in song and will be sadly missed in the Fall Creek Meeting, Wilmington Yearly Meeting, of which she was a member.

## LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

Temporary Office of the Mid-West Friends Service Committee is at the home of the Acting Secretary, Jeannette F. Stetson, 615 South Maple Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois. Phone, Euclid 565.

Chicago Monthly Meeting, 1830 West 103rd St. Rock Island Suburban line to Beverly Hills, 103rd St. Station: Halsted-Vincennes or other surface lines to 103rd, transfer to car or bus. Milton H. Hadley, minister. 1640 West 101st Place, Phone Cedarcrest 2715.

Evanston Meeting, Maple and Greenleaf, Evanston. One block east of Ridge Boulevard, two blocks north of Main Street. Bible School at ten; meeting for worship, eleven. Lewis V. Benson, 745 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

57th Street Meeting, 1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for worship, 10:45; Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. Jeanette F. Stetson, Secretary, 615 Maple Ave., Oak Park, Illinois. Phone Euclid 565.

**CINCINNATI, OHIO**

Cincinnati Friends Meeting, Eden and Donohue Sts. Take either car 55 or 78 to University Ave., then walk east three blocks. Bible School, 9:45, and Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Robert M. Jones, pastor, 216 Donahue Street.

**DENVER, COLORADO**

Friends Meeting, 4100 Shoshone St. Worship 11:00 a. m., Church School, 9:45 a. m. Visiting Friends call Glen and Mildred Rinard, Ministers. Address, 4485 Decatur St., Telephone Gallup 8577 R.

**DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave., in Noble School Bldg. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then two blocks north. Bible School, 10 a. m., Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to J. Edgar Williams, pastor, 11832 Ohio Ave. Phone, Hogarth 0624.

**KNOXVILLE, TENN.—"Hub of the South-East"**

First Friends Church, 2100 Washington Ave. Bible School, 9:30. Christian Endeavor, 6:30. Meetings for Worship, 10:45 and 7:30. Mid-week meeting, Wednesday, 7:30. "Our latch string is always out." E. K. Coggins, Clerk, 345 East Oklahoma Ave., Phone 2-2781. Arthur Santmier, minister, in the Meetinghouse, Phone 3-9384.

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

Friends Church, 17th and Toberman Sts. Bible School 9:45 a. m., worship 11 a. m., C. E. 6:30 p. m. Clayton S. Brown, pastor, 1913 W. 23rd St., RE-5673.

**MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA**

Friends Church, 1st Avenue South at 14th Street. Bible School at 11:45 a. m. Meeting for Worship at 10:30 a. m. Pastor, H. Millard Jones, 3109 Elliott Avenue.

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Grammercy Park Meeting, 144 East 20th Street Manhattan. Brooklyn Meeting, Lafayette and Washington Avenues. Meetings for worship First Day at 11 o'clock. Visitors welcome.

**SEATTLE, WASHINGTON**

Friends Memorial Church, 23rd Avenue and East Spruce Street. Meeting for Worship 11 a. m. Clerk, Ministry and Oversight, Herbert R. York, Educational Dept. Y. M. C. A.

**WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends, affiliated with Five Years Meeting, 13th and Irving Streets, N. W.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m.; Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Visitors welcome.

Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave., one block from Conn. Ave. Meeting for Worship First-day at 11 o'clock, First-day school at 9:45. Friends and others interested are cordially invited.

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